CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. L. NO. 33. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1922. 5 CENTS A COPY.

Short-Stories and Serials for the Entire Family

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1922, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. L. AUGUST 19, 1922. NO. 33.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against repriating them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

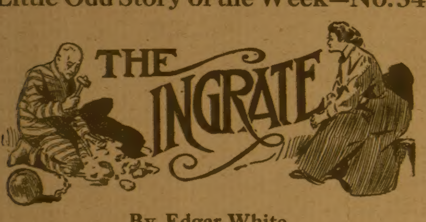
TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

The Joke Page? Yes, It's Here as Usual, but It's on Page 22 This Week. Just as Bright and Colorful as Ever.

Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 34



By Edgar White

IN THE days of his youth he was going the gait, and she was proud to travel with him, and ask no questions. The glorious today was theirs, and it were a crime to lift the veil of tomorrow. So, hand in hand, with airy feet, they trod the primrose path, and all the world was light, and flowers, and one glad, sweet song.

One day the Eastern brokers called for margins. To stop where he was meant a heavy loss. To put might mean salvation. So he put up. Crash went the market and his hopes. That night he spent a long while on the books. "Twice ten is twenty and five to carry." Twenty-five thousand! Salary one hundred dollars a month. Cash on hand, zero. Down came the air castle. Eddie Darrell, assistant cashier of the National Bank of Stanfield, lit out for Mexico.

In the morning details were in the hands of a great detective agency, and by night the bloodhounds were on the trail. The chase did not last long. It was in the leaden dawn of a winter morning when three men alighted from the limited and stepped upon the platform at Stanfield. All wore great coats, closely buttoned up. The younger of the trio glanced wistfully at the receding lights on the rear sleeper of the train and bitterly remarked:

"What a d—d fool a young man can make of himself if he wants to."

To this self-evident proposition there was no response. All entered a hack, and the sterner-faced man of the three indicated the destination to the driver by a word of four letters. After a drive of seven or eight blocks the vehicle stopped in front of a composite building of brick and stone. The stern-looking man motioned the younger one to get out, and the two quickly followed. A few resounding knocks on the door brought out a man whose dangling suspenders, bare feet and mussed hair indicated a hurried evacuation of his bed. After a rapid scrutiny of his caller with his alert eye, he ejaculated:

"Eddie Darrell! By the great Lord Harry! Where'd you catch him?"

His curiosity was satisfied, and after a few laconic directions by the leader, the two returned to the carriage, leaving the younger man in charge of the keeper.

The man of the stern countenance was a detective. His companion was the cashier of the National bank. The young man they left at the jail was the defaulting assistant.

At the ensuing term of the United States Court the young man pleaded guilty to embezzling the bank's money, which he said he had hoped to return if his wheat deals hadn't gone wrong. There didn't appear to be any very mitigating circumstances, save that the prisoner was closely related to one of the best families of the town, and had always borne an excellent reputation. And he was young. His lawyers referred to this in their plea for mercy, and stated that for seven years past the prisoner had been a trusted employe of the bank and the faithful treasurer of a leading church, of which he was a member. The court spoke of the parable of the talents, and made it five years at hard labor.

The assistant cashier donned the stripes and began his long term of servitude. He was a model prisoner, the warden said.

SOON after the convict reached the penitentiary a young woman sought employment at a hotel in the prison town. She was well formed and good looking, but extremely reticent. She belonged to a class Hugo speaks of as "les miserables." It was noticed that she was frequently in the cookroom after hours preparing dainties of some sort, which she took to her room. On many occasions she was observed late at night, by the aid of a candle, sewing on material for a man's garments. It soon leaked out that she had a lover in the penitentiary, who was the recipient of these favors created during the hours she should have been asleep. A metropolitan newspaper that makes a specialty of such cases sent an investigator to the penitentiary, and he took his paint brush along. An extract from his report ran like this:

"With a love more lasting than that of Mercedes for Edmond Dantes, and a devotion as unselfish as Juliet's to Romeo, Nell Thorne waits outside the grim walls of the State penitentiary for the release of her convict lover. When he walks thru the great iron doors to the freedom of a scornful world, he will find an arm ready to sustain him and a heart that sympathizes with him."

There were many paragraphs of that sort and pictures galore. It was a fine article and attracted attention. A round-faced old gentleman of a philanthropic turn visited the penitentiary to see if it all were true. He knew that reporters were sometimes given to—er—imagination. But in this instance the yarn was built upon the foundation of verity. The round-faced gentleman, Thomas Trustwell by name, was manager of a big concern in Ohio, and he promised Eddie

(Concluded on Page 16.)

"111" cigarettes

They are GOOD!

10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER
by VICTORIA GREY

DEAR MISS GREY: I want to enter the movie world. I am a young man 21 years of age and I weigh 150 pounds. Do you think I could get a position with a motion picture company? I would like to be a cowboy actor. Altho I have only a free school education, I know how to write plays for the screen and have written several plays, but have never tried to sell any of them. Will you give me a few names and addresses of production companies that I might get a position with?

J. C. H.

The way to become a motion picture actor is to go straight to Hollywood, Cal., with a trunk full of cowboy things to wear. The more costumes of all different sorts you have, the less long it will take to "get in." Once in Hollywood, you will have no trouble in finding out the location of all the production companies you want. Go to them in turn and give them a handful of photographs of yourself. If any of them should say, "We may have some work for a couple of extras pretty soon," attach yourself to the waiting-room there and wait. You will find many people waiting there like yourself. Go there every morning, take a bite of lunch with you and stay until the place closes up at night. After you have done this for six months a high muck-a-muck might come out and say, "Who's got a Czecho-Slovak Firebush dance costume here?" Chances are no one else will have one, but if you have one in your stock, you will arise and say, "I—I have a Czecho-Slovak Firebush dance costume!" Then at last you will get a part as "background in a setting" and you may show for two and a quarter moments after the thing has been taken. If you have done the work nobly and have shown talent in the way you stand on the ground, you may wait only six months more until you are again called. Finally some play may come along in which just your type is required. If this happens, you may get the part. That is how movie actors are made nowadays, unless the prospective actor has, for instance, a large supply of sugar to sweeten things with.

Dear Miss Grey: What can a girl 17 years old do when she likes a boy very much and her folks will not let her go with him? They will not let me go anywhere in his company. I want to finish high school, but I don't think I will. I will be 18 on my next birthday. I think I'll stay home until then and then "dig" for myself. Is that right?

VERY SMALL.

There are many unpleasant facts in the world that you do not even dream of. Yet your parents know them. Their wish is to keep you happy and carefree as long as possible. You are their baby-girl, their little dove whom they want to protect. If I were you, I'd listen to mamma and papa for a long while yet, and if you still think the boy is worth leaving home for after two years, you can truthfully tell your parents that it was no shallow love affair. You will be a very unhappy little girl if you go and "dig" for yourself. What if your dear mother died from the shock of it? Your life would be miserable till your dying day.

Finish high school, for the nicer position and the better paying ones demand that a girl be a high school graduate. Also, if you ever took a notion to work yourself thru college, you could do it, having graduated from high school. It is not very many months ago since I myself was a "little girl," and believe me, I had all sorts of things like that to decide in my own mind. Well, there's my advice, kiddie.

Dear Victoria Grey: I am a boy of 14 years of age. I love to read, but my dad objects to my reading. I hardly know what to do with myself in the evening time, as I think myself too old to get out with younger boys and play games. Now what should I do? Should I quit reading altogether or should I just read in his presence? Please advise me.

Are you sure, Troubled Child, that some physician has not advised your father that you should get more fresh air and exercise? Or are you certain that there is nothing wrong with your eyes? If you are sure of these points, then, laddie, my very heart goes out to you. I have been in your shoes. I had the kindest of parents—but they had most decided views about reading. I cannot say I didn't read in spite of them—but I was a little girl 14—and thirsty to read. If I hadn't gotten to read by some hook or crook, Heaven knows what morose, spiteful and morbid thoughts would have arisen in my young brain! If my parents had been successful in keeping me from reading, I am afraid they would have soon found a seething monster of a child on their hands, reeking with hatred and malice. And if I had been a boy, I should have undoubtedly run away, gotten in with bad company and—oh, the endlessness of it! Why not talk it over with your dad? Why not ask for an hour's reading each night. Tell him you will do anything else he wants you to do the rest of the evening. Why not, in fact, try reading aloud to him? He may get as interested as you, for he then could not fail to realize how broadening an effect reading has. I should like to hear the outcome of this. Won't you write me another letter, that's the boy.

Dear Miss Grey: I have a lovely husband and four children, and we have a small business in a small town and have lived here nearly three years. Until lately I have helped my husband in the store afternoon and done my own work in the mornings. Whether for this reason or because I have the children and do my own work, I don't know, but there have only been three or four women who have come to call on me since I moved to town and they generally came to tell me of some meeting or function connected with the church. I just feel horrid. I went twice, but every one was so strange I felt alone. I won't go to the meetings they invite me to because I won't go alone and no one bothers to come and see why. My husband says not to mind as long as I have him and the children, but it gets so monotonous. I could just cry my eyes out. I am 34 years old and am not bad looking, or so my family say, and I dress according to my means. Now will you tell me what you think is wrong, and perhaps it will help. I'll be so thankful. My boy is agent for the Chicago Ledger.

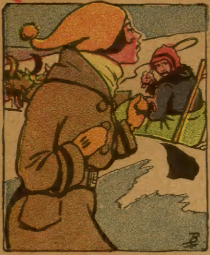
REALLY UNHAPPY.

Nothing is more out of date than a snob, and yet it looks to me as tho you have made your home amid a nest of them. That people who, in joining the church, have made public declaration that they love their fellow men as themselves—can yet treat a stranger in their midst as they do—it really makes one ashamed of being a human being. You are, without doubt, oversensitive—but who isn't?

Now if I were you, I would go to all the church functions, not to meet the people, but to help whatever benefits they are given for. See no one; address no one unless some one addresses you. Then be courteous, but not effusive. You will soon find new people moving into town and your friendships will be made among these, and as soon as this happens, well, just watch the old-timers come over!

Just get you little spunk up, walk in your own little path, care naught for any of them, hold your young head straight up above theirs and you will see what slinkers they become. I honestly envy you the job!

The White Man



By William Slavens McNutt

JOE CLANCY swore his dogs to a halt as his wife rushed out of the little log hut alongside the trail and ran across the snow to meet him.

"Oh, Joe, what's happened?" she sobbed, as he gathered her into his arms and crushed her close.

"Anybody see you leave town?" he inquired sharply.

"No, no; I got your note and slipped away just as you told me to. Joe, what is it?"

Clancy gripped her by the shoulders and stopped to look close into her face under the fringe of fur.

"I got Shannon," he grated.

The woman moaned softly and buried her face on the breast of his fur parka.

"Joe, you promised me!" she sobbed. "You promised me you never would, no matter what he said, Joe. Did you—you——"

"Kill him?" he finished for her. "You're—right I did!"

He thrust her from him suddenly with a savage movement, and glared at her thru the dim starlight of the arctic night.

"Sorry?" he demanded harshly. "Are yuh? I believe yuh did love him. I believe yuh——"

"Joe!"

The girl slowly opened her eyes and gazed back at him with an expression of hurt reproach that melted his mad suspicions into instant penitence.

"You know I didn't mean that, Jennie," he cried. "I'm near crazy to-night!"

"You were crazy to do what you did."

"I had to."

"No, Joe, you——"

"I did, I tell yuh. He'd been a tellin' it all over camp that he—he—he'd had yuh before I come, an' he——"

"But Joe, you know better that that! And now——"

"Well, yuh did go with him," he muttered sullenly. "An' people got to talkin' 'cause I didn't shut him up. If I hadn't done somethin' they'd got to thinkin' he was tellin' the truth, an' I——"

"Oh, but what do we care what any one thinks of truth or lies, Joe? I did sing in the dance-halls, but I waited for you, Joe! Oh, my big boy, I nearly refused to marry you for fear you'd do what you have done. Shannon wanted me, and I knew he'd talk. Oh, my Joe, we were so happy! Why did——"

"I had to," the man reiterated doggedly. "There was three of us playin' cards in Mercer's shack, an' he come in half lushed. He made his dirty crack right in front o' me, an' I beat him to the draw. I—I got him thru the head. I tied Mercer an' the bunch up to make it good with them for not reportin' the killin' to the marshal right off, an' beat it home. You weren't in, so I took a chance on leavin' that note for you to meet me here, an' mushed."

"But Joe—what now?"

"I'll make it over to the Mackenzie River an' drift south that way. I'll get outside somehow."

With a shrill cry of terror the girl clutched him and hung tight.

"Take me, Joe!" she begged.

Clancy laughed bitterly. "On the trail I've got to travel? With Jock Kearney chasin' me? If it was any other deputy in the territory I'd feel easy! Jock's as good a musher as me, an' with the time I've wasted I won't have much the start o' him. Not a chance! Get outside yourself, an' go to your uncle's in Racine; if I make it I'll get in touch with you there."

"But Joe, when?"

"Not less'n a year. I've got——"

"Oh, Joe, come back and face it!" the girl begged passionately. "I can't lose you like this, Joe! This horrible country swallowed up my brother, and now I'll lose you in it. If I hadn't lost Danny I wouldn't have had to sing in the halls, and there'd never have been any of this trouble. You'll go now as he did, with a promise on your lips, and I'll never see you again. Come back. They won't——"

"They'll stick me for the pen, and I couldn't stand that. If anybody ever shut me up I'd die or go crazy!"

"You're in the right, Joe," the girl argued eagerly. "They won't——"

"I'm a murderer," Clancy snarled. "And what they wouldn't do to me——"

"Don't!" the girl shook herself free of his embrace and shrank from him. "You're not!" she cried. "Joe, don't you ever call yourself that!"

"You bet I'm not!" Clancy said proudly as he reached for her and drew her close to him. "But I've had to kill before in my time, and they know it! That 'd go against me. They couldn't stick me for murder, little woman, but they'd get me for manslaughter or somethin' like that, an' shut me up for years. Nothin' doin'! But take it to bed with yuh that your husband's no murderer, little girl! Bet your stack on that."

"I know you're not, Joe."

"I'll make it out all right," he assured her. "Now I've got to mush. Jock 'll be on my trail in a hurry, an' every minute counts. Kiss me."

Moaning incoherent protestations, the girl clung to him until he was forced to break her clutch by force. Snarling and barking, the dogs straightened out in the harness and the sled runners whined as they leaped to their work.

"Oh, my girl, good-by," Clancy called out brokenly. He grabbed the gee pole and swung away after the swaying sledge with the quick, half-loping stride of the trained musher, and the woman crouched in the snow watched him fade into the deep shadows of the arctic night.

THE man in the bunk raised himself painfully on one elbow and stretched out a supplicant hand.

"Say, give me a chance for my white alley, will you?" he begged. "I know you're fixing to ditch me, and you know how much chance I've got here alone with a pair of broken legs. It's nothing short of plain murder to leave me here alone."

Joe Clancy peered speculatively into a coffee-pot on the sheet-iron stove in one corner of the tiny log hut and then eyed the sufferer gloomily.

"There's a deputy marshal somewhere back on the trail I've traveled huntin' me for that selfsame thing, son," he confessed.

The man in the bunk dropped back with a short, bitter laugh. "That's different," he admitted. "Didn't know you already were a murderer."

"No more I am," Clancy flared. "I said that was what they were chasin' me for."

"You will be one when you leave me here to die."

"Aw, the deputy's liable to pick you up on the way by," Clancy answered defensively.

"An' he may not be by! Well, I reckon it's all a part of the game."

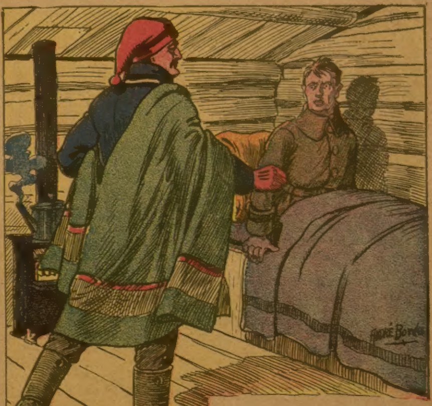
"Say, I got a woman waitin' for me, pal," Clancy confided earnestly. "I'm not the cut to leave a man in this fix if there was only me to take the gaff, but there's a woman to stand it if I get caught."

"Been one waitin' for me for three years," the injured man replied wearily. "God knows what's become of her."

"D—n it, it wasn't my fault I'd found yuh just after yuh fell," Clancy broke out angrily. "If I hadn't come when I did you'd o' croaked right there, wouldn't yuh?"

"Yep."

"What are yuh kickin' about, then? I've wasted a lot o' valuable time gettin' yuh here an' fixin' yuh up. Want me to go back an' put myself in the pen just to make it good for yuh?"



"I've Been a White Man All My Life, an' It Ain't Any Part of a White Man's Game to Leave a Guy Like This."

"Never mind. Fit me out the best yuh can an' leave my gun handy for me."

"Well, don't go usin' it till yuh have to," Clancy said, almost querulously. "Kearney's right likely to be along on my trail an' pick yuh up."

The man in the bunk turned his face to the wall. "All right," he said briefly.

"Well, get peeved an' stay peeved then, d—n yuh!" Clancy snarled, and went about making his preparations to leave. When he was ready he stood by the bunk and stared awkwardly at the injured man.

"Well, I'll be goin' now," he said.

The man thrust out one hand without turning his head from the wall, and Clancy grasped it.

"Don't fret about me," the man said gruffly. "I put up a talk for my life, but I know you're dead right to go. Hope you make it. Slip me my gun."

Clancy stared at the hand he held in his, tucked it gently back under the blanket and sighed wearily.

"I'm elected," he announced, and threw off his parka.

The man in the bunk turned and stared.

"What do you mean?"

"I can't do it!" Clancy admitted. "I been a white man all my life, an' it ain't any part of a white man's game to leave a guy like this."

"My God, you are white!" the injured man cried, fervently. "Say, go on and beat it. I'll take my chance. I'll——"

"Shut up!" Clancy snapped savagely. "You're the damnedest pest I ever got tangled with, you are! I'll stick for the finish, but if yuh open your face to talk to me again I'll beat yuh small!"

LATE the following night, Clancy, seated on a stool near the stove playing solitaire, heard the sound of an approaching dog team. When it stopped before the cabin he stepped to the door, and stood on the threshold with upraised hands.

"Don't shoot, Jock," he called into the darkness.

A woman's cry answered him and his wife flung herself sobbing and laughing into his arms.

"You're the travelin' kid, Joe," big Jock Kearney boomed. "Thought we'd never catch you. I could o' made better time alone, but your wife was bound to come."

He laughed loudly at Clancy's bewilderment and threw back his parka hood.

"You did a poor job on Shannon, Joe," He chuckled. "He's got a steel head, reckon. Anyhow, the worst you did was to splatter up his scalp a lot where the bullet went buzzin' around his skull lookin' for a place to get in. First time I ever had to chase a man to tell him I didn't want him!"

Clancy patted his wife's shoulder and

(Concluded on Page 13.)

Can the American Beat the Forces of Men and Money in the Crooked Canadian Lumber Plot?

Further Chapters of

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

Read This First—Then Go Ahead With the Story

HILARY ASKEW, a courageous and efficient young American, who had made forestry his chief study, inherited his uncle's timber tract of one hundred square miles in the province of Quebec, Canada, within which the former owner,

MONSIEUR EDMOND ROSNY, still retained his chateau and a few surrounding acres. Upon arriving in Quebec, from the States, young Askew visited the office of

LAMARTINE, a notary, who at once began to belittle the value of the timber tract as an investment. Hilary's uncle, according to the notary, had paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the cutting rights alone, and it had proved a very discouraging investment. The desirable timber, for lumber or pulp, was either too small or too scarce. His uncle had stood a loss nearly every year. The notary knew of a company that would possibly pay him forty-five thousand dollars for his timber rights. He'd better sell out and return to the States.

The St. Boniface tract—Hilary's holdings—lay below the city of Quebec—on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Adjacent to it was the Sainte Marie Company's tract, with

MONSIEUR EDOUARD BROUSSEAU, as part owner, who with his associate and partner,

MR. MORRIS, had managed the St. Boniface property for young Askew's uncle. Askew suspicioned that the notary, Brousseau and Morris were in league to get possession of the St. Boniface tract, and his visit to the tract soon convinced him that his suspicions were well founded. The timber cutters were surly and disinclined to listen to his orders, all save

LAFE CONNELL, a down-east Yankee, foreman of the cutters, who hinted that the tract had been badly managed, evidently for the benefit of the Brousseau-Morris combine.

MADELEINE ROSNY, daughter of the owner of the chateau, the latter commonly known as "the Seigneur," also withheld even her polite courtesy to the new proprietor of St. Boniface, which again reminded the young man that he soon would have a big fight on his hands, in which he would be pitted against several crooked schemers and possibly this pretty daughter of one of them—in fact forced to battle against big odds in men, money and feminine [illegible].

When Connell had been promised steady employment by Askew, with a prospect of early promotion, the foreman talked more freely, and made it quite clear that Brousseau and Morris had cheated Hilary's uncle out of many thousands of dollars, hoping the while to gain possession of the St. Boniface tract. Hilary and Connell visited

LEBLANC, St. Boniface's chief jobber, cutting on land leased from that company. Leblanc, like the rest, was hostile; said he did business with Mr. Morris. Hilary met

FATHER LUCIEN, a good-natured priest and a power among the natives, save the whisky-drinking, fist-fighting Ste. Marie gangs.

JEAN BAPTISTE, St. Boniface's scaler and time-keeper, apologized to Hilary for his surly welcome at first sight of his new employer.

CAPTAIN JULES DUPONT, owner of a lumber schooner, argued that he must perform "Mr. Morris' orders" first; his craft was already loaded with "Mr. Morris' timber."

After a fiery interview with Morris, young Askew discharged him. Morris, in turn, "fired" everybody on the St. Boniface works. Even Lafe Connell took his dismissal seriously, believing Morris was still the tract's official manager. Hilary started at once to overtake Connell before the latter could board a boat soon to leave for Quebec.

This story began in No. 31, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued).

THE down boat to Quebec was almost due. Looking seaward, Hilary saw the white hull rounding the lighthouse point, and the black smoke from her funnels, an inverted cone against the heavens. Evidently Lafe would be homeward bound within a half hour; and no time was to be lost if he hoped to stop him.

He jumped into the buggy and urged the horse thru the disputing crowd. But then he remembered that he had forgotten to lock the office door, and had to return for that. When he got under way again the boat was appreciably nearer.

He dared not hurry the horse across the shaky bridge, and, when this was past, there was a steep hill, which could be taken only at a walk. The horse was tired, too; arrived at the top, Hilary heard the hoot of the vessel and saw it in the distance, turning to take the wharf with the tide. Lafe was nowhere to be seen along the expanse of road, visible as far as the descent to Monsieur Tremblay's hotel.

Hilary whipped the horse, something he hated to do; but now it was imperative. Without Lafe Connell he felt that his chance was almost a hopeless one.

He drove madly along the cliff and down the last descent. As he reached the stable the ship was being attached to the wharf. Monsieur Tremblay was standing at the stable door, smoking and gazing ruminatingly at the pig which he was fattening for the Christmas killing. Hilary flung him the reins, jumped out, and ran down to the wharf. A few passengers were gathered about the little baggage office, and others were standing before the gangway, waiting to embark. Among them was Lafe, with a carpet-bag. Hilary flung himself upon him just as he set foot upon the planks.

Lafe spun round and looked sullenly at him. Hilary held to his arm. "What's the matter, Lafe?" he asked.

"O shucks!" said Lafe. "Just let go of me, will you, Mr. Askew?"

"What are you deserting for?"

"What's that you say?" demanded Lafe ferociously. "Deserting what? Deserting who? I guess I don't have to stay here when I've been fired, do I, even if my contract is good till October one. Just let go my arm!"

The passengers had embarked; the sailors stood waiting for Lafe before pulling back the gangway.

"Come back to your senses, Lafe," said Hilary. "I haven't fired you, and I guess you can't go off that way without giving me notice."

"Depechez-vous donc, monsieur!" called the captain, at the upper railing.

"Last call for dinner," said Lafe, trying to twist away. "Will you leave go of me, Mr. Askew?"

"No!" shouted Hilary. "It's all right, captain. He isn't coming," he called.

The sailors pulled in the gangway. The ropes were cast off. The paddle began to churn the water into froth. Lafe flung his carpet-bag to the floor angrily.

"Now suppose you tell me what the trouble is," suggested Hilary.

"What right you got to stop me?" demanded Lafe. "Say, if it wasn't you I won't answer for what I wouldn't have done to you. Now I got to wait in this God-forsaken place until Saturday, with the green veranda of Mr. Tremblay staring at me."

"What's happened, Lafe?"

"What's happened? Didn't you tell me you were going to hold fast? And didn't you repeat to Mr. Morris every word I told you about Brousseau?"

"Not one word, Lafe."

"Then how'd he know?"

"Pumped you. And then fired you, I suppose."

"You got it. I thought you was going to fire Morris and he comes out and fires me and orders me off the concession. That's a grand way to start standing by your word, Mr. Askew."

"I have fired him."

"What?" yelled Lafe, spinning round.

"I fired him after we'd had a talk, Lafe. And I guess he put on a front in order to get rid of you, because you know too much, hoping that it would mean nothing to me. But it does, Lafe. Tell me what made you make that crazy dash for the steamer."

"Because I'm sick to death of this darned country," answered Lafe. "Because I can't stand the people, or the climate, or Father Lucy praying out fires, or the verandas. I'm sick of it, Mr. Askew, and Clarice and the kids is in Shoeburyport. That's why, I guess," he said, raising his head and looking at Hilary plaintively, "I guess my feelings kind of got the better of me."

Hilary thumped him on the shoulder. "That's all right, Lafe," he said, "but you're going to sign on with me for a year from October first—just one year more, and as soon as things get straightened out you shall go home on a two months' vacation on salary. And you're going to sign on as manager, at Morris' salary."

Lafe Connell looked at him as if it was all a dream. Lafe had been working at forty-five dollars a week since his arrival.

"Mr. Askew," he said, when he could steady his voice, "I guess I've been ungrateful. But when Morris told me I was discharged I naturally concluded that he'd bought you out. It didn't sound reasonable to me that you really meant to stay, tho I did believe you when you spoke yesterday. I couldn't see how you could stand for St. Boniface, Mr. Askew, with your education, and your chances in our own country. But I'll stay, Mr. Askew, and I'll do all I can to help clean up this mess and and put things on a paying foundation. I guess every one's been cheating your uncle, Mr. Askew, from Morris and Brousseau and Leblanc down to Jean Baptiste the scaler."

"Baptiste?" asked Hilary. "I should say Baptiste was straight."

"Mr. Askew, don't take offense if I give you my opinion, and it's the opinion that's based on some experience of life—a longer one than yours, by a good way. There's very few honest man in the world, and there's very few rogues. When a fellow, what was decently raised, goes into a crooked business and sees graft everywhere, and how the biggest thieves come out on top, he believes there's no such thing as honesty, and he'll graft, too. I'd graft, Mr. Askew. I done it."

"You turned down the bookkeeper's job because of what you learned, Lafe."

"I did, Mr. Askew. But that wasn't graft; that was theft. That was too strong for any decent man's stomach. But I knew they were swindling you, and Brousseau telephoned me to keep you in the dark, and—I tried to do it."

"Never mind, Lafe. You and I will go over the books together and clean up."

"And I tell you this," went on Lafe. "Give fellows like Baptiste—Baptiste and me—an example of honest work, and you'll see they'll follow you and take a pride in the business. It's the big fellows we want to get."

Hilary held out his hand. "We'll shake on that," he said. "You accept the post, Lafe, and you won't make a break for home again?"

"Never again, so long as we're on the job together," Lafe answered.

Far off the steamship was pursuing her way toward Quebec. Hilary, watching her, was conscious of a zest of living which his conversion of Lafe did not wholly explain. What, he wondered, was the secret of his interest in St. Boniface?

CHAPTER V.

THE SEIGNEUR EXPOSTULATES.

WITHIN the next few days Hilary had got hold of the outlines of the business. He spent many hours with Connell in the office, going over the books. It was evident that Morris had been bleeding the St. Boniface tract for the benefit of the Ste. Marie Company; but it seemed impossible to detect any evidence of actual fraud.

"What do you make of this, Lafe?" he asked, when he had summarized the figures. "According to the books nearly eighty-five per cent of the wood that went thru the mill last season came from the Ste. Marie limits. That leaves only fifteen per cent from St. Boniface. Now, do you suppose Leblanc, with his four assistant jobbers and seventy hands, didn't cut more than that?"

"I guess a good part of that Ste. Marie wood was ours," answered Lafe.

"And the Ste. Marie Company pays a fixed charge for the use of the mill, irrespective of the amount of wood sent thru. They ought to pay a royalty on the cord. Why, at this rate, we have practically been running the mill for their benefit.

"However, that isn't the point at present. We've got the figures showing how much lumber was cut by the jobbers, and they don't correspond with the amount that went thru the mill. Where is that missing lumber?"

"In the paper mills, I guess," said Lafe.

"If we can press that point home we can have a clear case against Morris. I'll send for Leblanc. He must be getting anxious about his lease, anyway."

Lafe reflected. "It's nearly a week since Morris went away," he answered. "He's been staying at Ste. Marie with Brousseau, and Brousseau hasn't made any sign yet. They've got something up their sleeve, Mr. Askew. I wouldn't hurry until they get ready. Leblanc knows that he can't renew his contract with any one but you."

"That's good advice," said Hilary, "but this point has got to be settled, because it's holding everything up. I'll send Baptiste up to Leblanc and tell him to come down and see me this afternoon."

Things had been going rather better than Hilary had hoped. Pay-day had passed, and the hands, having received their money in checks cashed at the store, had begun to realize that Hilary was at the head of affairs. Morris had not been at St. Boniface since his resignation. He had sent a cart for his furniture, and had been vindictive enough to strip the house of all fixtures. Hilary had bought some cheap furniture at the store and taken up his abode in the office building, his cooking and cleaning being done by the wife of one of the hands.

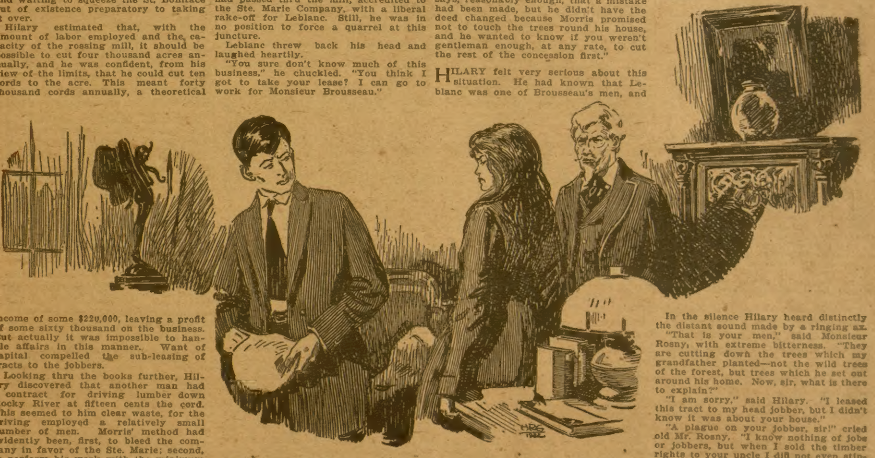
The first thing that Hilary did was to look into the money situation. He found that his uncle had, fortunately, paid in a largish sum shortly before his death, enough to settle all outstanding liabilities and to leave a credit in the Quebec bank of something more than thirty thousand dollars after the first of September, The monthly expenditure, however, averaged considerably over twelve thousand, and rose to fifteen during the winter months, and the only outstanding credit was from a small paper concern in Ontario, for a few thousands. The mill charges, upkeep, wages, teams and stabling were the principal items in an unusual expenditure of nearly a hundred and sixty thousand. There was also the freight.

Dupont owned four lumber schooners, which carried the output to its destination, in the hold and on deck, and towing loaded barges, all owned by the St. Boniface Company, and leased for a song by the Ste. Marie.

There was some correspondence about steam tugs, which seemed to have been ordered and countermanded, apparently on account of the uncertainty of the future. As for receipts, the lease of the mill rights for four thousand was obviously a swindle; the store, which should have brought in a substantial sum, was rented by the Ste. Marie people, who seemed to have their finger everywhere, for two hundred and fifty, and the St. Boniface Company bought all their provisions from them. This was a gigantic leak, and in itself evidence of either dishonesty or gross incompetence on Morris' part.

So far as Hilary could judge, the Ste. Marie Company was bleeding the St. Boniface Company white, living off it, and had not invested more than a trivial sum on its own property. As Lafe had said, Brousseau was simply sitting tight and waiting to squeeze the St. Boniface out of existence preparatory to taking it over.

Hilary estimated that, with the amount of labor employed and the capacity of the rossing mill, it should be possible to cut four thousand acres annually, and he was confident, from his view of the limits, that he could cut ten cords to the acre. This meant forty thousand cords annually, a theoretical income of some $220,000, leaving a profit of some sixty thousand on the business. But actually it was impossible to handle affairs in this manner. Want of capital compelled the sub-leasing of tracts to the jobbers.



As He Passed Madeleine He Saw That She Clutched at the Table With Fingers White to the Knuckles; Her Wrath Seemed Uncontrollable; She Looked at Him as Tho He Were a Serf.

Looking thru the books further, Hilary discovered that another man had a contract for driving lumber down Rocky River at fifteen cents the cord. This seemed to him clear waste, for the driving employed a relatively small number of men. Morris' method had evidently been, first, to bleed the company in favor of the Ste. Marie; second, to perform his work with the minimum of personal labor, by the easy process of sub-leasing. And sub-leasing will eat into the receipts of the best-conducted business.

HE WAS profoundly dissatisfied with this showing. It was clear that the property could have been made to pay—not handsomely but well. Want of capital was the chief drawback. His uncle had been putting his hand into his pocket year after year to make good on the recurring deficits. The lease of the store was for three years, of which a year was still to run. Nothing could be done there, but Hilary resolved to increase the charge of the mill rights after October first. That should be the first leak stopped. He had twelve thousand dollars of his own, representing his savings of several years. He withdrew this sum from the New York bank and added it to the funds.

By close scrutiny he evolved a method by which, with this increased mill rental and with the renewal of the jobbers' lease, he calculated that he might just manage to carry thru the winter. But he would have to use every effort to get out a large shipment of lumber before navigation closed, early in December, if he was to keep things running until the St. Lawrence opened again in May.

It was a hard situation, for it meant that he must renew his leases at the jobbers' prices, and he saw that he would have to go diplomatically with Brousseau until he understood the situation better. The immediate task before him was to find the whereabouts of the missing lumber. Therefore Hilary awaited Leblanc's arrival with impatience.

Leblanc came into the office later in the day, with his truculent air, fixing Hilary with his good eye and the wall with the other. He sat down, decided to take off his hat, and deposited it on the floor between his feet.

"You wanted to see me, and I was coming into St. Boniface anyway," he announced.

"I want to find out what you have been doing with your lumber, Leblanc," said Hilary. "According to the books you cut four thousand cords last winter that never passed thru the mill. Where are they?"

Leblanc leaned back and smiled. "That's all right, Mr. Askew," he said. "Mr. Morris understands."

"But I don't."

Leblanc let his eyes wander crookedly about the office.

"You're fixed pretty comfortable here," he said. "I guess you fired Morris out for good, eh? All right; I'll sign on with you."

Hilary could not determine whether the man's manner was insolent or merely the evasiveness of the habitant in business matters.

"You'd better answer my question, Leblanc," he suggested.

Leblanc picked up his hat and twirled it on his knee, smiling sourly.

"You see here, young fellow," he answered. "You don't know the lumber game. You fire Mr. Morris, who knows his job and now you want to pick a quarrel with me. How you suppose I'm going to pay my hands and make profit on three-inch trees, eh?'"

"I guess you didn't pick worthless land to cut over," said Hilary. He knew that Leblanc was lying. No doubt the rest had passed thru the mill, accredited to the Ste. Marie Company, with a liberal rake-off for Leblanc. Still, he was in no position to force a quarrel at this juncture.

Leblanc threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"You sure don't know much of this business," he chuckled. "You think I got to take your lease? I can go to work for Monsieur Brousseau."

"Very good," said Hilary. "Good morning."

Leblanc stared at him, got up, and clapped on his hat.

"See here, young fellow,'" he bellowed, "you mean to tell me you don't want me on the Rosny tract. Where you get another boss jobber this time of year? How you work your limits when I take my jobbers and gangs across to Brousseau?"

"I don't know," answered Hilary, "but I'll find out."

Leblanc looked nonplussed. "You don't want me?" he demanded. "Why, I got my camp ready, and gangs all ready to start from Ste. Marie next month."

"Take them to Brousseau."

"See here, I got to have that contract," cried Leblanc. "Mr. Morris promise it me, and I hired my gangs."

"You seem to want it mighty badly," said Hilary quietly. "Well, Leblanc, if you feel that way I don't want to go back on Mr. Morris' word. But you'll have to cut two thousand cords a month."

They haggled over the terms. In the end a new lease was made out and signed, and Leblanc's new territory was marked off on a rough map which Hilary had found in Morris' desk.

Leblanc departed jubilant. He had secured a good tract, with a panhandle running in toward St. Boniface along Rocky River, which he had demanded on the ground that there was a fine growth of swamp spruce in the bottoms there. As it was in Hilary's own interest that Leblanc should make as large a cutting as possible, he offered no objection, and the two parted on tolerable terms.

He should never have agreed to Leblanc's panhandle. In that he came to see Brousseau's first move—a little one, but significant of what was to be expected. Returning to the office a few days later, after a journey into the concession, he found Jean Baptiste waiting there, in a state of great excitement.

"The Seigneur has been here, Monsieur Askew, and he say you have broke the promise Mr. Morris gave him," he said.

Lafe Connell came out, looking a little flush. "That's corect," he said. "Old Rosny's gone right up in the air, Mr. Askew. He came down here for the first time since the mill has been put up, and his opinion of you is free. Lord, Mr. Askew, you ought to have seen the hands cringe when he cussed 'em out! I guess this feudal business is still running pretty strong in St. Boniface."

Hilary took the matter more to heart than Connell seemed to. He had every reason to arouse no antagonisms: his examination of the books had shown him that he must strain every effort to prevent arousing enmities for the present. He went into the office, closed the door, and sat down.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's about Leblanc's new lease," said Lafe. "You've given him a wedge of land running down almost to the village."

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why, that map shows our cutting rights, it doesn't show our freehold rights. We've got cutting rights over the whole seigniory, including Mr. Rosny's land, and Leblanc's lease runs thru his back garden, and Leblanc has started in right there, in sight and sound of the chateau windows. The old man says, reasonably enough, that a mistake had been made, but he didn't have the deed changed because Morris promised not to touch the trees round his house, and he wanted to know if you weren't gentleman enough, at any rate, to cut the rest of the concession first."

HILARY felt very serious about this situation. He had known that Leblanc was one of Brousseau's men, and he saw Leblanc's game instantly. Brosseau had undoubtedly set this trap in order to embroil him with the Seigneur, already ill-disposed, and a very potent influence in St. Boniface. And Hilary remembered that the little territory over which Rosny held freehold was not even marked on the rough map from which Leblanc's district had been plotted out.

Hilary had been wondering whether a neighborly call on the Signeur might not produce an amelioration in relations. Now he determined to lose no time in making his apologies. And he would get Leblanc out, at any cost. He took the rig and drove over the bridge, up the hill, and along the branch road until he saw the chateau before him. Blazed trees along the roadway indicated that Leblanc had already set his mark there in unmistakable fashion.

The great trees, which had evidently once formed an avenue, but now raised their heads above a dense undergrowth of birch and fir, ended a thousand feet in front of the long, rambling structure of frame, which, unpainted for many years, seemed to be rapidly falling into decay. Over the approach where the garden had been, its undulations still indicating the former terraces, an army of little pines, thrust out like an advance guard from the forest, was winning its way. Hilary drove up the road, now only a track, with grass thick between the ruts, and stopped in front of a flight of crumbling steps of friable stone. He tied the horse, ascended, and rapped.

A very old man came to the door. He wore a faded butler's uniform. As he opened to Hilary, a shaft of sunlight fell on the passage floor within, revealing the fading carpet and the portraits that looked out of their frames of tarnished gilt.

"Monsieur Rosny?" Hilary asked.

The old man stepped aside, and Hilary found himself within the chateau. There was a door on either side, but, while he hesitated, a third door at the end opened and the Seigneur stood before him.

He was a tall and very strong old man, with a white peaked beard and apple-red cheeks, still fresh as a boy's and totally unwrinkled. Such a frame as that must have been the product of years of systematic exercise in the open air. Monsieur Rosny wore a brown swallowtail coat, of the style of the forties, tight trousers strapped under his well-polished bluchers, and a spreading collar such as has not been seen for a generation. Yet there was something about the man that made his ancient costume the most natural thing; it suited him, as he suited the old building.

Hilary advanced toward him. "I am Mr. Askew," he said. "I heard that you had been to the mill, and I called to offer my explanations."

"Will you kindly come in?" asked the Seigneur in English.

He ushered him into the room at the end of the hall. It was a combination breakfast-room and library, and comfortably furnished in modern fashion. A pair of little white gloves that lay upon the table arrested Hilary's attention instantly.

The Seigneur walked toward the window. "Have the kindness to listen, sir," he said.

In the silence Hilary heard distinctly the distant sound made by a ringing ax.

"That is your men," said Monsieur Rosny, with extreme bitterness. "They are cutting down the trees which my grandfather planted—not the wild trees of the forest, but trees which he set out around his home. Now, sir, what is there to explain?"

"I am sorry," said Hilary. "I leased this tract to my head jobber, but I didn't know it was about your house."

"A plague on your jobber, sir!" cried old Mr. Rosny. "I know nothing of jobs or jobbers, but when I sold the timber rights to your uncle I did not even stipulate for a reservation about my home. I took his courtesy for granted. Mr. Morris respected the custom. But you, sir——"

"Made a mistake——"

"What right had you to make such a mistake? Are you not satisfied to come here and eat up the produce of my land, that you must bring your infernal business within sight and sound of me?"

"I shall do my best to stop it, sir," answered Hilary. "I was going to say that I intended to call in any event, to express the hope of neighborly relations."

Before the Seigneur could answer him the door opened and Madeleine Rosny came in. She wore a white waist and riding habit; her brown hair was tumbling about her shoulders.

"This is Monsieur Askew, the new owner of the timber upon our land," said her father.

She opened her lips, but did not speak. Perhaps the emotion that blazed in her eyes made utterance momentarily impossible. Hilary saw that they were of an unfathomable grayness, like the gray St. Lawrence, and curiously rimmed with blue, which sometimes seemed the dominant tone and sometimes the merest edging to those depths. She carried a little riding whip in her hand, and with it tappd her riding boot quickly.

"And he has come to offer his explanations for the cutting down of these trees," continued Edmond Rosny.

This time the scorn burst out in impassioned utterance.

"So, it is not enough for you, Monsieur, that you must destroy the forest upon our land," she said bitterly, "but you must also cut down the trees about our home. Is it for the few dollars more that they will bring, and could you not wait? Perhaps my father will buy back our own trees from you!"

"Mademoiselle Rosny, you are unjust. It was not of design that I leased this tract about the house. I——"

She turned upon him swiftly. "I do not want to hear any excuses," she said. "You Americans have come into our land to eat it, like a locust swarm. Cut down our trees, then—hurry with your work and go, and take your mill, and leave us to our solitude!"

"Monsieur Rosny," protested Hilary, bewildered, turning toward the Seigneur.

"My daughter is right, sir," thundered the old man. "It was an evil day when I sold my timber rights to your uncle instead of to one of our own people. Have the goodness to end this discussion."

"At least you will permit me to try to rectify the error?" asked Hilary, trying to control his rising anger at the injustice.

"Ah, do not listen to him, father!" said the girl. "Let him cut down his trees. At least he has bought no rights within the Rosny home."

"Very well, Mademoiselle," said Hilary angrily. "But what I was going to say to you had better be said to your father. I came here on a neighborly errand, and you have chosen to insult me. I came to offer reparation for an unintentional offense, and you have converted it into a studied insult, dictated in part by greed. I have no wish to set foot inside the chateau again. Good-day, sir. And you, Mademoiselle."

He turned upon his heel and, pushing open the door, went out. As he passed Madeleine he saw that she clutched at the table edge with fingers white to the knuckles; her wrath seemed uncontrollable; she looked at him as if he were a serf. The look on her father's face was milder, almost regretful, as if he were conscious of an offense against hospitality.

He moved a pace or two forward and seemed about to speak; but Hilary was striding thru the hall. As he leaped into the buggy he saw the old man standing in the passage, staring at him thru the open door.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

HE JERKED the reins, and the horse, sensing its driver's anger, broke into a gallop. Soon it had carried him out of sight of the chateau. Hilary drew rein halfway down the leafy avenue. Anxious as he was to get beyond the private limits of the place, he felt no disposition to return to the office until he had grown cooler.

He had seen a track that ran at a right angle, out of the drive, toward the Rocky River. He resolved to take this, imagining that it would bring him back to the mill, and to investigate the nature of the growth on either side of it. According to his reckoning, this was not leased to any of Leblanc's men, who had renewed their leases on the same terms as Leblanc himself.

He noticed with approval a splendid growth of white spruce. It was a great timber country. Hilary had already come to that conclusion, and to this: that, properly worked and managed, the St. Boniface tract had the possibilities of considerable profits, perpetual ones, if he cut wisely and carefully.

There had been fires in past years in various parts, and one big one, forty years back; but much of the growth was of great size, and much of the second growth was approaching maturity.

After driving at a slow pace for half an hour he emerged into a little burned-over district, from which he could see for a good distance on every side of him. He stopped the pony and looked about him, trying to get his bearings.

Far away was the Gulf, and, further than he had supposed, the black streaks and dots of the village, with the streaky line of the mill flume, running down to the wharf. Two miles across the bush were the straggling houses of the old part of St. Boniface. Immediately before him was the range of hills thru which the Rocky River ran.

The road must run down to the gorge, where was the main way between the mill and the interior of the seigniory, Hilary decided.

He drove again. The track had been disused that season, and was overgrown with creeping raspberry briers, which made progress difficult. In swampy places, which mired the horse to the fetlocks, a little jungle of ferns had grown up since the summer rains. The ground grew swampier, descending into a tangle of azalea bushes, rising to the horse's shoulders, and he pushed his way energetically thru them, while Hilary wondered whether the path ended in the marsh, and was considering returning. And suddenly the undergrowth fell away, and the road ran upward again, hard and firm, toward a bridge that spanned a wide creek tributary to Rocky River.

Now Hilary knew where he was. It was the creek which he had passed that morning when he drove out with Connell to inspect the seigniory.

He was about to continue on his way along the main road to the mill, but an impulse urged him to turn the horse about and seek the road that led to Leblanc's old concessions.

Presently he heard the sound of axes among the trees. He came upon the clearing, to find the old camp still standing, and a great pile of newly hewn timber stacked up under the trees. The men looked up from the logs which they did not contemplate vacating on the first of October.

At Hilary's appearance two or three men looked up from the logs which they were sawing and whispered. They seemed to draw together. At that moment Hilary had a clearly defined impression of approaching trouble.

He got down from the buggy and fastened the horse to a tree. He approached a little group that had formed. He did not recognize any of the faces as those of men from St. Boniface—and he was strong on remembering faces that he had once seen.

"Where's Monsieur Leblanc?" he asked the nearest man.

The man scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He glanced toward the camp. Hilary, looking that way, saw Black Pierre emerging from one of the huts. He went toward him, and the two men met face to face.

Still without reason to believe in Pierre's hostile intention, Hilary suddenly became aware that they were ringed by a circle of men, who gradually drew in toward them.

"Morning," said Hilary, nodding. "Where is Monsieur Leblanc?"

"I don't know," answered Pierre, scowling. "Look for him if you want him. Hes your man, ain't he?"

"He is, but you are not. What are you doing on my land? And these men—are they yours?"

"What you mean, your land?" demanded Pierre. "I work here for Monsieur Brousseau, with Monsieur Brousseau's men."

Hilary saw, out of the corner of his eye, that the ring was swiftly contracting. It struck him that Pierre and he were posted face to face, like prize-fighters. He tried to keep his temper and to remember Connell's counsel. Pierre thought he was afraid. He sneered openly.

"Last time I came here," said Hilary calmly, disregarding the other's truculence. "Monsieur Leblanc was in charge of this territory. Now I find you here in Leblanc's place. I have not hired you. Again, I ask what you are doing here."

"I don' know what you mean," snorted Pierre, "an' I got no time to waste in d—n foolishness. This here is the Ste. Marie limits. Monsieur Brousseau an' Monsieur Morris run the St. Marie limits. Leblanc he work for them las' year. Now I got Leblanc's place."

"The Ste. Marie limits are on the other side of the Riviere Rocheuse," said Hilary.

"Holy Name, ain't I this side of Riviere Rocheuse? Didn' you cross him coming here?"

"That creek is not the Riviere Rocheuse, as you know very well, Pierre."

Black Pierre thrust his face forward into Hilary's. "Say, I got no time to waste wit' you," he snarled. "If you come to fight, say so."

"I'll give you five minutes to get off my land."

"You wan' to fight, eh? All right," growled the other, suddenly stripping off his short, open jacket.

HILARY had just time to fasten the top button of his coat before Pierre, with a bellow, charged him, his head down, his arms working like flails. Pierre made short, vicious stabs at him; he was muscle-bound and could not extend the elbow-joint with any force, but any of his short blows, delivered from a shoulder like a mutton joint, would have knocked a man senseless.

Hilary stepped aside as Pierre precipitated himself upon him, and gave him a short uppercut with the left. Pierre went reeling past him, tripped over a projecting trunk of a tree, and fell sprawling to the ground.

A second later he was up again, rushing at Hilary. Despite Hilary's blows, which nearly blinded him, and covered his face with blood, he managed to get home two body deliveries which knocked the wind out of the American. Hilary was forced to give ground. He had boxed at college a good deal; that was several years before, but the memory instinctively came back to him. "It's foot-work that wins," his teacher had told him. He stepped from side to side, guarding himself against Pierre's furious lunges dexterously, until the opportunity for a telling cross-counter with the right sent Pierre crashing backward.

He rose, spitting the blood out of his mouth, and rushed at Hilary again. This time he managed to lock his arms about him, and, holding him securely with the left, pummelled him. Hilary forgot his science and shot his right upward between the arm and the body, landing on Pierre's chin. Pierre reeled, but he did not let go his hold. He grasped Hilary like a bear, hugging him till the breath was nearly out of his body, and forcing the point of his chin in under Hilary's collar-bone.

The woodsmen, who had anticipated an easy victory for their leader, crowded, yelling, about the pair as they rolled here and there in the sawdust. There are no rules in lumber-camp fighting, and there were none now. Each man put forth his whole strength and craft to win.

Pierre was several years the older, and winded by fast living, but his muscles were as firm as a young man's. Knowing that his enemy's science was more than a match for his superior strength, he maintained the clinch, but gradually shifted his grasp upward, first pinioning Hilary's arm, then gripping his shoulder, until he had him by the throat.

Hilary, gasping under the relentless pressure, saw the faces of the lumbermen swim round him. He saw the triumph and the joy, the mockery and the hatred on each; there was no pity for the American; many an old land question, many a racial conflict had become incarnate in that fight under the pines. Hilary realized that it was a battle, not for the timber tract, but for his own life.

At that moment, oddly enough, there came before him a clear picture of Madeleine Rosny, standing in the living-room of the chateau, tapping her riding-boot. He wanted nothing so much as to conquer her scorn of him; and he thought it was really Brousseau whom he was fighting, Brousseau, who was to marry her, and not Black Pierre.

Pierre's face grinned into his own malignantly, plastered with dust and smeared with the sweat that drove white furrows across it. Hilary let his hands fall limply. For just a second Pierre relaxed his grasp, to shift it so that the thumb-knuckles should close on the carotids. Then Hilary put all his strength into a terrific drive with the left. The blow caught Pierre between the eyes, his arms went up, releasing Hilary, and he totttred backward. The yells of the lumbermen, which had been continuous, suddenly ceased.

Before Pierre could recover himself Hilary let him have it with the right. Pierre went to the ground.

Hilary, still only half-conscious, and hardly seeing the prostrate body, drew in a deep chestful of air. A black cloud, filled with dancing specks, swam before his vision. Out of it he saw the face of one of the nearest spectators. It was filled with an anticipation so pungent that instinctively Hilary leaped aside. Out of the cloud he saw Black Pierre plunge forward, a knife in his hand. The spent blow cut Hilary's sleeve. Pierre recovered himself and rushed at the American, a fearful spectacle, dripping sweat and blood. Hilary caught him with the right to the jaw, sending him flat. The knife went whirling away into the underbrush. Black Pierre lay still.

Hilary turned to the nearest of the awed lumbermen. "Bring him a cup of water," he ordered.

The man understood and ran into Pierre's hut. But Pierre was only shamming; he opened his eyes, fixed them with burning hate on Hilary, and mumbled.

"Get up!" said Hilary.

Pierre rose sullenly, edging out of the reach of the expected blow. He was cowed, the fighting spirit was out of him, as it was out of his companions. They were not individually cowards, but like children; and their leader's downfall had unsettled their world. As civilized men fear the law, the lumbermen feared the unknown forces that lay behind Hilary and manifested themselves thru the strength of his arm.

"I'll give you five minutes to get off the St. Boniface territory into the Ste. Marie limits, the other side of Rocky River," Hilary said. He turned to the spectators. "I'll thrash every man not employed by me who comes upon my land," he announced.

Whether they understood the meaning of the words or not, they realized the significance of the gesture. Black Pierre, among his companions at the edge of the clearing, stopped his retreat. He meant at least to save his face by threats. But Hilary had deliberately turned his back on him, and, without apparent fear of danger, was examining the shacks, and poking the moss out of the interstices between the logs with a forked stick. When he turned the last of the Ste. Marie men was disappearing out of the clearing down the road. He waited long enough for them to reach the fork before re-entering the buggy.

HE WAS thoughtful on the drive homeward. He knew that it was only the unexpected nature of his action which had cleared the concession. That had been a paramount duty; at any cost he must preserve the integrity of his land. But, given Brousseau's leadership and active hostility, they could put up a fight which would render him impotent. Physical force could bring him nowhere in the end.

"Lord, Mr. Askew, you look as if you'd been in a fight," said Lafe, as Hilary entered the mill office, his cheek bruised and a lump over his eye—no very extensive punishment.

"I have," said Hilary. "I've been in two. First I went up to Monsieur Rosny's, to try to square him about that panhandle tract of Leblanc's. I didn't get very far there."

"I could have told you that, if you'd let me know," said Connell reproachfully. "Brousseau has the whip hand there. He set Leblanc onto the game and he set old Rosny against you."

"Then I thought I'd take a look at Leblanc's old territory, to make sure that he was not running both leases for a single payment," Hilary continued. "And I found Black Pierre and his men cutting busily on my own limits."

"And you got into trouble with him! Don't say he struck you, Mr. Askew! Lord, that's bad!"

"He did, and I struck him a good many times. In fact, Lafe, I knocked Mr. Pierre out and turned the gang off the concession."

"What?" yelled Lafe Connell, leaping out of his chair. "D'you mean to tell me, Mr. Askew, you stood up to Pierre and—and whipped him?"

"That's about the size of it, Lafe. Why this astonishment? Don't I look husky enough?"

Lafe looked at him solemnly. "Mr. Askew, you've made your reputation, that's all," he answered. "Why, Pierre's been the bully of the camps these twenty year. Ten year ago there wasn't a man who could stand up to him, and since then nobody's dared. I guess you've established yourself solid, Mr. Askew."

So events proved. It took about an hour for the embellished story to filter thru the mill. Before work was knocked off that afternoon Hilary became conscious of a new deference in his hands' manner, of gaping looks that followed him when he went from office to mill, or back. For the first time St. Boniface began to believe that the Morris regime had really passed.

"We've still got Brosseau, tho," said Hilary to Lafe. "When do you suppose he's going to declare himself?"

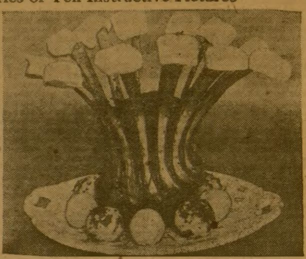
"Soon," said Lafe. "You've seen to that, Mr. Askew."

"I've thought," said Hilary, "that he

(Continued on Page 16.)

Whetting the Appetite—No. 2

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures



Crown of Lamb.

Select parts from two loins containing ribs, or take the fourteen ribs from one side of the forequarter, and if a larger roast is needed additional ribs can be inserted, taken from the opposite side. Scrape the flesh from the bone between the ribs, as far as the lean meat, and trim off backbone. Shape the ribs in a circle and sew ends together, or fasten together with skewers, having the ribs outside. Trim the ends of the bones evenly, care being taken that they are not left too long, and wrap each bone in a thin strip of fat salt pork or insert in cubes of fat salt pork to prevent bone from burning. Stuff the center of the crown of meat with the portions trimmed off in dressing the roast which are chopped fine or ground for this purpose. Cover the roast with greased paper, and roast for one and one-fourth hours in a moderate oven. Toward the end of this time, remove the paper so as to permit the roast to brown evenly.

When the crown roast of lamb is done, remove it from the oven onto a warm round platter. Stick a marshmallow on the end of each rib, and garnish the dish with mashed potato balls. To make these mashed potato balls, boil the potatoes until soft, remove the skins, add a tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste, and mash well. Form into small balls with the hands and roll half of them in parsley which has been chopped very fine. Arrange the balls around the crown roast, alternating with the plain and parsleyed potato balls.

To carve a crown roast is most simple, the divisions between the ribs being clearly indicated. A single chop, with a portion of stuffing, and a spoonful of gravy is served to each person.

A Page for the Woman in the Home

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Raspberries
Cornflakes and Top Milk
Biscuits Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Stuffed Eggplant
French Fried Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Stewed Fruit

SUPPER.

Vegetable Salad
Bread and Butter
Raspberry and Currant Pudding

Biscuit.

Dissolve one rounded tablespoonful of butter in a pint of hot milk; when lukewarm stir in one quart of flour, and one beaten egg, a little salt, and a teacup of yeast; work into dough until smooth. If winter, set in a warm place; if summer, a cool one to rise. In the morning work softly and roll out one-half inch and cut into biscuit and set to rise for thirty minutes, when they will be ready to bake. These are delicious.

Raspberry and Currant Pudding.

Soak half a package of gelatine in a cupful of cold water. Add a cupful of boiling water, one cup of currant juice, and a cupful of sugar. When cool, but not set, fold in the whites of four eggs beaten solid, and mould in layers alternating with crushed and sweetened raspberries. Serve cold with custard made of the egg yolks.

Stuffed Egg Plant.

Three cupfuls of stock.
2 small egg plants.
½ cupful of cooked chicken.
1 egg.
1 tablespoonful of flour.
1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.
½ cupful of bread crumbs.
2 tablespoonfuls of butter.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Cover the egg plants with boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Cut in two lengthwise and carefully scoop out the inside, leaving the shell thick enough to keep its shape. Cover the bread crumbs with one-half cupful of the stock, add the chicken, chopped fine, one tablespoon of the butter, melted, the beaten egg and season. Mix well, then add one cupful of the stock. Carefully fill the egg plant shells with the mixture and bake one hour, basting often. Melt the remaining tablespoonful of butter and brown. Add the flour and brown, and when smooth, add the stock. Stir until the sauce thickens, season and serve with the egg plant.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

THE day of precepts is still with us. Why not let's have a few "don'ts" today?

Don't close a letter by saying, "I have a lot of other letters to write so will say good-by;" or by saying, "I must hurry now, as I have to meet an appointment in a half hour." This always gives the recipient of the letter the unpleasant feeling that you have hurriedly squeezed his letter in between occupations to get it off your conscience, whereas the one who receives a letter should feel that you are devoting a portion of that day's time just for the writing of his letter. Never say, in a letter, "I was long about answering but you know how I hate to write letters." He must know then that you are doing an unpleasant thing in writing to him and one hates to feel one is the cause of annoyance to some one. If you have delayed too long in answering a letter, the least said about excuses, the better. Some people have been known to fill their entire letter with excuses for not having written sooner, and after four pages of excuses, they close.

Don't be the first to say "good-by" over the telephone if you have been called on the telephone. The one who makes the call should be the one to close the conversation. Closing someone's telephone call is like leading a caller at your home, to the door, shoving him out and saying good-by.

Don't give unkindly criticism about anyone in his absence. At a social gathering in India, an American woman said of an absent East India princess, "Hasn't she a raucous laugh!" Another princess who was present remarked, "What a pity our friend is not here so that she might benefit by your criticism!" This was not said sarcastically but earnestly and sincerely. If A has a criticism to make of B, it will not only show A's well meaning but it will show that he is not a coward if he takes his criticism directly to B. Before doing this, A will probably say to himself, "Well, it's none of my business anyway." Being none of his business then, he will neither make the criticisms to B nor behind B's back.

Don't slam your door upon a departing guest, for altho you do it without a thought, it says to the guest as plainly as possible, "Thank goodness you're gone." No breach of etiquette is committed so innocently as the slamming of your door, yet to a sensitive person, nothing hurts so keenly.

Don't take sides violently against anything in a social gathering, for you may be treading on the toes of guests there. Whether you be condemning the score of the latest opera or the tactics of the new quarter back in the football team, you may be in the presence of a relative of the quarter back or of the composer of the opera score. It will not only give pain—but as a pain-giver, you will be unpopular.

Don't you think this is a nice little cluster of "don'ts?"

* * *

For the Boudoir.

WHITE organdie boudoir caps and white batiste ones are trimmed with lace and ribbons.

A black net boudoir cap, lined with chiffon and heavily embroidered with gold, has a gold clasp to fasten the two ends together over the back of the hair.

Passels of pearl beads are used on negligees of crepe and chiffon.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

THE COLOR OF YOUR KITCHEN

IT HAS come to be the fashion nowadays for young housewives to wish to start out with their kitchen furnished all in white. White enameled stoves and ice boxes, chairs and tables in highly finished white, white kitchen cabinets, all these things seem to wave beckoning hands to the young housewife.

Now, of course, white is attractive, but it need not really be a bit cleaner than equipment of another color. It is a popular mental trick to think that white in itself is cleaner than brown, gray or other colors. The point is, of course, that as white equipment shows every spot and bit of dust it is sometimes kept cleaner than equipment of another color.

Often an attractive effect may be gained by using gray or green or blue paint in finishing your kitchen, and old chairs and tables can be given an attractive appearance in this way. Then if you cannot afford a new kitchen cabinet, you may have a set of shelves built in your kitchen by the carpenter. These you can finish with gray paint and enamel and you will have something that will answer the purpose just as well.

Some people consider curtains in kitchen windows as useless, unless they are needed to keep out the view of outsiders. Now fresh white or checked gingham curtains give an attractive touch to the kitchen. It does not take much labor to keep them fresh, and if they afford any satisfaction you should not hesitate to have them.

When the checked gingham is used it should be shrunk before it is made into curtains. It is best to have them made simply in the form of valances with a side piece at either side of the window. If you like, they may be starched a very little before they are put up. Blue and white checks, larger than the checks used for aprons, are most attractive.

Children's Party Dresses.

FOR party wear—that is, daytime festivities—smart little frocks of white serge are being shown for children up to 10 years, these sharing honors with ruffled taffetas. Very little girls are dressed for gala occasions in organdie or georgette. Velvet is as popular for party frocks for children as it is for dresses for street wear.

*

To Keep Worms Out of Dried Fruit.

WHEN ready to store away dried fruit, put a handful of sassafras bark between every half bushel of fruit, and strew liberally on top. This will keep worms out of your fruit and preserve its freshness.

*

Saving Heat.

WHEN cooking on the gas stove use cooking vessels that cover the burner. All heat not directly under the utensil is lost.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

NAPKINS AT YOUR TABLE

THE careful hostess uses a fairly large size napkin at dinner, altho the extremely large dinner napkin, still favored in England, is not much used in this country.

The napkin should be folded and ironed so that it is a square of sixteen thicknesses. The small napkin used for refreshments or sometimes for breakfast or luncheon should be folded four-ply, or it may be folded again diagonally, forming a triangle of eight thicknesses.

It is no longer considered good form to fold the napkins in fancy shapes, and never should the napkin be placed within the tumbler after the manner of old-fashioned country hotels.

It should be placed either on the cloth in front of the diner, on a service plate set there, or at the right of the plate if an appetizer or soup is at the place when you sit down.

If you have house guests and cannot afford to have a fresh napkin at every meal, you should at least have a fresh napkin at dinner time.

Paper napkins are seldom excusable, save at picnics or very informal refreshments.

It is no longer good form to have napkins starched. They are softer to the touch and more absorbent when left unstarched.

Napkin rings are not in the best form, but the practice of using them is certainly better than the chance of confusing napkins that must be used for more than one meal.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

RACHEL

One of the loveliest of Biblical names is Rachel, meaning ewe. The first Rachel was the daughter-in-law of Rebekah. The aspirate in the middle of her name is more softly marked where, in the prophet Jeremiah, her descendants, the Benjamite women, who dwelt around her early grave at Bethlehem are spoken of as "Rachel weeping for her children because they are not," and are assured that they shall come again to their own border.

But she is Rachel again where Saint Matthew shows the mothers of Bethlehem weeping over their lambs. Dante made l'antica Rachele with her beautiful eyes, the type of heavenly contemplation, ever gazing at the mirror that reflected heavenly glory, but her name was not popular altho the Manx princess Affrica was thus translated upon her marriage with Somerled, Lord of the Isles, somewhere about the 11th century.

But Puritan days loved the sound of the word and "that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side" has given it a place in English families. Rahel was the name borne by the lady who became the wife of Varuhagen von Ense. With the exception of the two different forms of spelling, Rachel is without diminutive or contraction. It is one of the few names that maintains its sweetness and dignity thruout its history. The name has been a favorite with painters and many a saintly type of pure transcendent beauty has been so named.

Rachel's gem is the amethyst. Its soft violet color has a sobering effect upon quick tempers, controls evil thoughts, and quickens the intelligence. Soldiers wearing an amethyst are said to be preserved from harm and the gem is believed to have the power to protect its wearer from contagion. To dream of it signifies freedom from harm. Saturday is Rachel's lucky day and 4 her lucky number. Her flower is the primrose, signifying youthfulness.

Next Week: VICTORIA. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 12, 13 and 26

The Voice on the Wire

By Henry Treadway Blythe

IT IS a rare occurrence, in Chicago, for a Chinaman to stop a white man on the street and demand a match for his cigarette, even tho the former be garbed in American apparel, as this one was.

So, for this reason, when I turned in response to a touch on my shoulder and the curt request: "Match, please," and found at my elbow an individual whose face, partially illuminated by the arc light at the corner, showed the unmistakable features of an Oriental, I watched him with feelings that were a mixture of irritation and curiosity. But the moment that the match which I handed him had flared up, I caught sight of a long, livid scar traversing one of his cheeks from his ear to the corner of his mouth. It was no other than the fellow who had been seated near me on the Clark street car, and who had stared more or less fixedly in my direction during the entire ride. Evidently then, he had dismounted from the car directly behind me and had followed me up to the very steps of the Essex.

For a bare second he puffed on his cigarette. Then he raised his match a few inches, looking me over quickly from head to foot. This done, he tossed the splinter of wood away, at the same time bowing slightly in acknowledgment of the favor. And, with a parting glance at the lighted transom which showed the street number of the Essex, he passed on.

Slowly I ascended the steps, pondering over his peculiar actions. At the top, I transferred my black traveling bag to my right, and presently opened the hall door. Within a fraction of a minute I was seated in my room on the second floor, still thinking of the Chinaman, still seeing in my mind's eye that placid yellow countenance—with the scar on the right cheek.

What the devil, I wondered, did he mean by his actions? Was he the house servant of someone who had moved into the neighborhood during my month's absence on the road? Was he really short of matches? But, why had he stared at me so strangely on the Clark street car?

In the hope of finding some clew to his interest in me, I began to review the events which followed my exit from the Polk street depot.

I had been out on the road in the capacity of a traveling salesman for my employer, Roger Pelton, the wholesale candy manufacturer. I had come in a day earlier than I had expected, notifying, by a postcard, two people only—Doris Pelton, the girl to whom I was engaged, and John Barr, my closest friend and companion. On leaving the train at 7 o'clock in the evening, I had walked from the depot with the intention of calling Doris up by telephone from some drug store and telling her to expect me out at the house on the following evening.

Then—let's see—I had boarded a street car—a Clark street car, of course—and had taken the only vacant seat I could find—one by the side of a portly looking gentleman in the garb of a minister. On account of the lack of space, I had placed my black satchel under the seat. Shortly after, I had caught sight of a pair of eyes belonging to a Chinaman who sat several seats away.

At the time, I had thought nothing of it; in fact, I had scarcely paid attention to him beyond noticing the long scar that covered his cheek. I had been lost in my own thoughts until I heard the conductor call out: "Burton Place." I had jerked my traveling bag out from under the seat and had made a hasty exit from the car, walking eastward in the direction of Dearborn avenue. I had turned there and finally reached the steps of the Essex, the boarding house which I made my home while I was in the city. Then I had felt a touch on my shoulder and had turned to discover, a second later, that my street-car Chinaman was at my side.

IT WAS certainly odd! Had he deliberately followed me? I never wear jewelry. There was nothing about my general appearance which might have indicated that holding me up would produce anything of value to any one. In fact, all I carried was my hand satchel.

It lay on the bed where I had tossed it immediately upon entering the room. The desire to put on a clean collar and brush my hair began to drive away the perplexing thoughts that had obtruded themselves on my consciousness. I crossed the floor and inserted my key in the lock of the valise. I twisted it. It would not turn. Impatiently, I jerked at it. Strange! For the first time in thirty days, it refused to unlock.

I had purchased it during a big sale held by a downtown department store on the day before I left on my last trip. Never before had it failed to spring open almost at the first touch of the key. But now it balked. I was in a quandary. My trunk was still at the depot. The only clean collars I possessed, my comb, my hairbrush, were all locked inside of this stubborn leather receptacle.

Suddenly, the cause, the explanation of the whole thing, dawned on me. I had the wrong bag! I remembered now that Chicago had been flooded with them during the big sale of a month before. Undoubtedly then, the clerical gentleman who had sat by my side on the Clark street car, reading his paper, had had a similar bag with him. It must have been under the seat when I entered the car. And when I had hurried out at Burton Place, I had drawn forth the wrong valise.

I lifted it on the palm of my hand and tried to compare its weight with that of the one I had always carried. Now that I studied it carefully, it did not feel quite so heavy as the one to which I had become accustomed.

Into my mind came the remembrance of an old bunch of suitcase keys that I had once laid away in the bottom drawer of my chiffonier. In a jiffy I had the drawer open. Among a lot of trash, I found them. Then I commenced trying them, one by one. The fifth key turned in the lock as slick as the proverbial whistle. The bag fell open. I peered in and jumped back in amazement.

Inside was a grinning skull, complete to the jaw bone—that and nothing else whatever. And as I tilted the satchel, it rolled over. Then I caught sight of a peculiar thing. In the back of it was a spot where, in some old surgical operation, a portion of the bone about an inch or so in diameter had been cut away, and a shining metal disc inserted. But directly below the metal plate was a tiny clean-cut hole—a hole about the size of a pea—or better—a rifle bullet.

CHAPTER II.

AT 1 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

AFTER I had recovered, to some extent, from my surprise at finding such a singular object in a minister's traveling bag, I took the thing out and examined it more closely. With one exception, there was little more to be seen than what I have described. This exception consisted of an inscription on the small metal plate. So I carried it over to the gas light and read the words and numbers which I found there:

PRIOR
22
9-17-96.

The meaning of it was, of course, Greek to me. It was evident, tho, that it not only had been scratched or etched on the plate by some sharp instrument, but had been executed by some one who had possessed plenty of time, for the figures were neatly and perfectly formed.

For a few minutes longer, I looked it over. Then, since the evening was passing and I had yet to engage an expressman to bring up my trunk from the depot, I copied the inscription on a piece of paper, deposited the skull in the satchel, and snapped the lock shut. This done, I placed the bag and keys on the top of my chiffonier, seized my hat, and proceeded out doors, stopping long enough downstairs to inform my esteemed landlady that I was back in town once more.

After I found myself outside, I proceeded to dismiss the whole matter from my mind, consoling myself with the thought that I would surely find an advertisement in the personal columns of next morning's paper, asking me to return the satchel and regain my own.

Two hours elapsed before I returned to my room. When I did return, I was met in the hall by the landlady's daughter who informed me that my friend, John Barr, had called on me during my absence, had waited for me in my room for over an hour, and had then departed for home. I was tired, exceedingly so, since I had covered three hundred miles that day. So I tumbled into bed with all speed possible, mentally resolving to search the personal columns of the newspapers as soon as I should awake.

But my awakening came sooner than I had expected. I had been sleeping soundly when, suddenly, I opened my eyes in the darkness and heard some one knocking on the door of my room. My first thought was that John Barr had again dropped in to see me at this late hour. So, after hastily finding my bathrobe and slippers, I opened the door several inches. But instead of greeting my old friend as I had expected, I saw in the hall clad like myself in bathrobe and slippers, no other person than my landlady, her face carrying a look of both sleepiness and ire.

"Some one wants you on the phone, Mr. Calthorpe," she said. "You might tell 'em too, if it's no 'special friend of yours, that they might call up a little earlier in the evening in the future."

With that parting shot, she pattered down the hall and disappeared on a rear stairway.

Hurriedly, I made my way down to the first floor. On the way I passed the hall clock. Its hand showed the time to be ten minutes of one. Soon I reached the telephone and raised the receiver to my ear.

"'Lo," I said.

"Am I speaking to Mr. James Calthorpe at the Essex?" replied a polite voice.

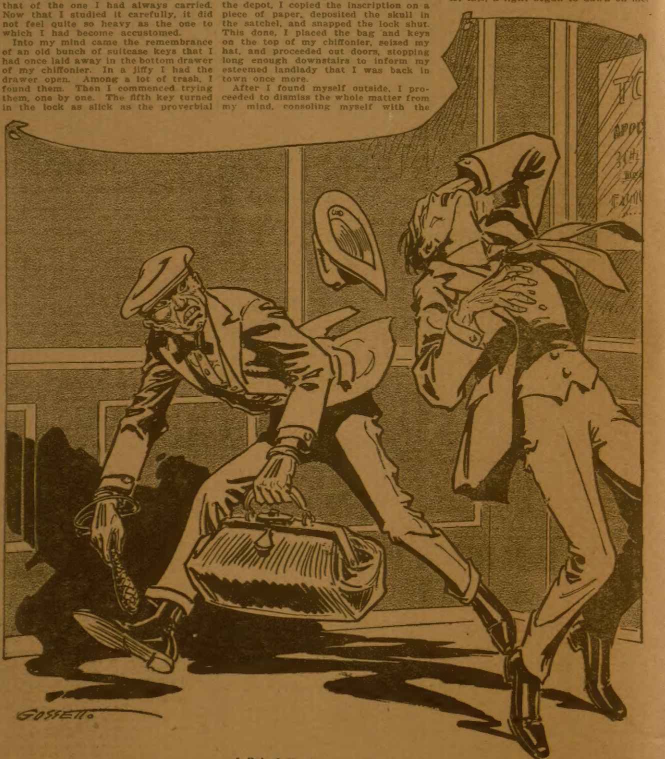
"You are. Who is this?"

"Ah! Mr. Calthorpe—it happens that you do not know who I am. This is Duncan Craig—pastor of St. James' Church—talking."

At this, a light began to dawn on me. Undoubtedly this was the clerical man whose bag I had carried off.

"Mr. Calthorpe, when I returned to my home tonight, I found myself unable at first to open my traveling bag. By dint of trying several keys I managed to turn the lock. Inside of a moment I discovered that I had another man's bag, for the contents were not my own at all. I took the liberty of searching thru it and finally came upon a lone calling card bearing your name, address and phone number. Now could it perhaps be possible that you had not yet discovered the mistake yourself?"

AS A rule, I adhere strictly to the truth in my dealings with other people. But in this case I was certain that I detected a note of uneasiness in the voice of the Rev. Duncan Craig—a note which betokened a hope on his part that I had not yet made the dis-



I Raised My Arm—but Too Late.

covery of what was in his satchel. So I determined to play my cards cautiously. For this reason, I threw the laws of ethics to the winds.

"Is—that—right?" I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment. "Well, to tell you the truth, I've been so busy that I've made no attempt to unpack anything as yet. What arrangement, then, can I make with you to exchange our valises?"

"Um," he returned, and paused for several seconds. "Now my dear fellow, I'm going to ask a very great favor of you. I have called up to discuss the exact matter of which you spoke. Unfortunately, I am leaving for New York in several hours—and I really feel that I must have my own traveling bag. Now, if you could bring it over to my home at once, I will gladly pay you anything within reason for your time and trouble —and for the great inconvenience in being routed out of your comfortable bed at this time of morning. Surely you can do that, can you not?"

"Just as you mentioned," I answered, "it's an unearthly hour. However, in view of the fact that I'm to blame for the mistake—since I was sitting next to you on the Clark street car and paid no attention to the satchel which I hauled out from under the seat—I'll be glad to accommodate you. Now you say you are leaving town in several hours? I live at the Essex—on Dearborn avenue near Burton Place. How far from here is your home?"

"Good!" he replied, and I detected a note of relief in his voice at once. "It happens that I am at 1820 Lake Shore Drive, not over ten minutes' walk from the place you mention. Just go up the steps, ring the bell, and I'll answer the door in person—and be quite sure, my dear fellow, that I'll make it right with you in some way or other for all your trouble. Now may I expect you in—say —twenty minutes?"

"Yes," I assured him, "I'll be there in that length of time, for I can dress in ten. You are at 1820 Lake Shore Drive? All right. In twenty minutes, then, I'll be there."

I returned to my room, dressed quickly, and removed the black satchel from its position on the top of the chiffonier. Then I tip-toed down stairs and out to the street, finding it to be altogether deserted. I made my way northward along Dearborn avenue, watching the numbers of the houses by the old-fashioned flickering gas lamps that still line that thorofare.

When I saw that I had reached the 1800's, I turned east and shortly struck Lake Shore Drive, which is known from one end of Chicago to the other by the more common name of "Millionaires' Row." Here I proceeded more slowly, carefully, studying the splendid residences as I walked; finally I stopped in front of a mansion, the curtains of which were all drawn. A solitary cluster light in front of the house showed plainly the number: 1820. Up the steps I marched and into the gloomy vestibule. Then I began to grope around the wall in search of the electric push button.

Suddenly a dark figure in the corner of the vestibule stirred toward me. Instinctively, I raised my arm—but too late. Something descended on my head so forcibly that millions of spots of light seemed to dance before my eyes—

(Continued on Page 17.)

The Search

By Don Lampton

THAT De Lancey had been highly successful in the undertaking which he had described to me when last we parted in New York, seemed clearly proven by the account I had clipped from a New York paper on the second day of July. It read:

AMERICAN ARRESTED IN PARIS.

> (Cable) PARIS, July 1.—An American, said to be of French parentage, named E. M. De Lancey, was arrested here today in connection with last night's robbery of Simon et Cie, 14 Rue Royale, in which two of the most well-known diamonds in the world were stolen.
>
> The stones, known as Castor and Pollux to the trade, are similarly cut and weigh eight carats apiece. The total value of the two, considered by English experts to be well over £12,000, is due to the fact that one is a green, and the other a red diamond. Altho certain circumstances point to De Lancey's complicity in the crime, the jewels were found neither in his possession nor at his rooms, and since sufficient definite proof in other directions is lacking, the authorities expect to be compelled to release him within a few days.
>
> A few of the people who are known to have been with him the morning after the robbery, are under surveillance, and it is hoped that the stones may ultimately be recovered from one or another of them.

Clever old De Lancy! How invariably he made a success of everything to which he turned his crooked abilities.

As for myself, I had, of course, expected to be of assistance merely in getting the two stones into the hands of old Ranseer at his farm near Morristown, New Jersey, after which our pay would be forthcoming and would be divided up according to our respective risks in the proceeding. This was the method which we always pursued.

Had the clipping itself, however, been insufficient evidence that De Lancey had again scored one on the French police, his letter, which reached me a week and a half later, made everything clear.

The communication, which was, of course, in cipher, when translated, ran as follows:

> Gay Paree, July 4.
>
> T. B.
> —— Str.,
> New York.
>
> Dear old T. B.:—Was it in the New York papers? Must have been. Pulled it off as slick as the proverbial whistle. The beggars kept me locked up three days, tho. But they were shy on proof—and besides, they were too late.
>
> T. B., there is to be a new man in the crew after this. Never mind where I picked him up. I firmly believe he is the only man in Europe who will be able to get those gems across the pond. His name is Berghem. He called at my rooms the morning after the coup. I passed the stones to him, each one wrapped in a little cotton package and tied with silk thread.
>
> Now, T. B., he's bound for New York, taking the trip across England in easy stages as befits a gentleman traveling for his health, and according to our plans, should embark on an ancient tub named the Princess Dorothy, which leaves Liverpool on July 6th, and arrives at New York nine days later. Immediately upon landing, he will call at your rooms.

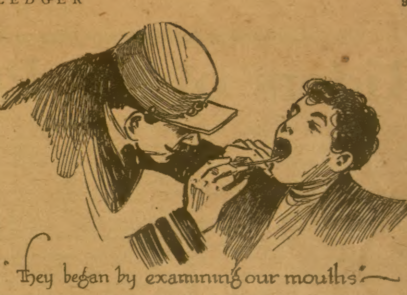
So Berghem seemed to be the only man in Europe who could get those two sparklers across the pond?

Surely, if he had to get them out of Europe before the eyes of the police, and get them into the States before the eyes of the custom authorities, he would have to be sharp indeed, especially in view of the fact that a hue and cry had already been raised.

EVERYTHING was in readiness. The pigeons were cheeping in their covered basket. On the mantel were two small leather leg bags ready for the loot. I looked at my watch and found that it was after 9 o'clock.

Strange that Berghem had not arrived. I had called the steamship offices by telephone at 6 o'clock and had learned that the Princess Dorothy had docked an hour before.

Then I fell to wondering why he had encumbered himself with his son. Unquestionably, he must have realized that in dealings such as ours, every extra man, constituting a possible weak link, meant just so much more chance of failure.



They began by examining our mouths'—

The clock struck ten.

Where had De Lancey found this fellow—this Bergnem? Was he sure of him? Did he understand the game as we did?

Everything that De Lancey did was perplexing. He seemed to know every crook between the equator and the poles and to understand just what part to assign him in any of our undertakings. Without doubt, he must have known what he was doing this time.

So he was the only man that De Lancey believed capable of——

The clock struck ten-thirty.

I heard the slam of a taxi-cab door down on the street below.

A second later, the bell of my apartment tinkled sharply.

I hurried to the front door and opened it quietly. In the outer hall stood a tall man wearing glasses. He had gray hair —and a mole on his left cheek. At his side was a boy of about sixteen.

"This is T. B.," I whispered.

"I am Berghem," he answered, and stepped inside with the boy, while I closed the door behind them.

I passed down the narrow inner hall and threw open the library door. "In here," I said, and snapped on the lights. "How did you make out?"

Berghem seemed to be ill. The whiteness of his face and his halting gait, as he leaned heavily on the shoulder of his son, signified either sickness or——

Failure! Ah—that must be it. My heart seemed to stop beating. Berghem must have been unsuccessful in his mission.

He sank heavily into a chair that the boy brought forth for him. The latter dropped down on a small foot-stool, near by, and remained silent.

In the interval, I studied Berghem and perceived for the first time, the horrible expression on his face. His eyes had the same haunting look that I had once seen on the face of a maniac in the state insane asylum.

"Met with considerable trouble," he stated laconically, after a pause.

"Tell me about it," I said, half sympathetically and half suspiciously. His gaze, which had been roving aimlessly around the room, he directed toward me again. Then he commenced to talk.

"I called on De Lancey the morning after the robbery. He gave the two gems into my keeping at once. The lad was with me. He's a coming thief, is the lad. We took a cab at once for the station. Three hours afterward, De Lancey was nabbed.

"The lad and I boarded a train that morning for Calais. We reached there at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and spent the rest of the day in a hotel. From the hotel we made the boat safely that evening and got into Dover at midnight. So far, everything ran without a hitch. We stayed at a boarding house in Dover till morning.

"No use to bore you telling you of our crawling progress across England. Only three hundred miles, but we spent four days covering it. Of course, we were just a gentleman and his son traveling for pleasure.

"But things began to liven up for us. We had hoped by this time that we were not being looked for after all, but apparently we were wrong. As we got off the train in the station at Liverpool, on the evening of July 6th, the lad, little lynx that he is, spots a man in a brown suit, carelessly watching all the passengers. He nudges me quickly.

"Now comes luck itself. A crazy emigrant, farther down the platform, pulls out a gun and commences shooting thru the roof. Hell and confusion break loose. During the big rush of people that takes place, the lad notices a little door leading out to a side street. 'Quick, Daddy,' he says, 'We'll slip out this way.'

"Outside, he flags a cabby in a jiffy and we drive to a little dirty hotel on a side street, where we spend the night wondering whether the man in the brown suit was looking for us or for some one else.

"However, we're on our guard now. We don't feel quite easy. Next morning we make the pier and board the Princess Dorothy, which boat, I may add, is one of the few that do not touch at

(Concluded on Page 26.)

HOW TO LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

Success

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine."—Melvin Freeland, Macopin, N. J.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartiest approval of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Moxie N. Lewis, 819 Jefferson, Neosha, Mo.

"The folks at home are delighted to hear me play the Organ so well. You have a wonderful system of teaching music."—M. F. Allard, Caraquet, N. B.

Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Mandolin, Harp, Trombone, 'Cello, Flute, Clarinet, Ukulele, Saxophone, Piccolo, Sight Singing, Drums and Traps, Harmony and Composition, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Automatic Finger Control, Voice and Speech Culture.

No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just mail coupon or postal to-day for our new Free Book. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without a teacher by our New Improved Home Study Method. Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercise—no inconvenience, no trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, amazingly easy for even a mere child.

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER We want to have ONE PUPIL IN EACH LOCALITY AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful easy system of teaching music. During summer months we are offering our marvelous lessons at practically no cost, charges amounting merely to about the cost of sheet music, postage, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. Get all the proof, facts, letters from pupils. AMAZING OFFER and fascinating New Book just issued.

WRITE. This is your opportunity for free music lessons. Write to-day for free book and full particulars. Send a post-card, letter or coupon. Please write name and address plainly.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 698 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N.Y.

U. S. School of Music,
698 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special summer offer. I am interested in the following course:

....
(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name ....
Please Write Plainly

Address ....

City .... State ....

7

Continuing the Ledger's Biggest and Greatest Story of the Old West

Riders of the Purple Sage

By Zane Grey

Told in Last Week's Installment

As days passed Venters and Bess explored the towering crags and beautiful Surprise Valley. Pottery, weapons, flints, carvings, etc., left by prehistoric cliff-dwellers, were gathered by armfuls. When a terrific storm broke the girl took refuge in Venter's arms. Venters, himself, had never experienced anything like this rage of the elements. The girl's action aroused a storm in his breast—a storm of real love.

When the day came that Venters found it necessary to return to Cottonwoods for needed supplies, Bess feared that he might never return. He assured her that with Wrangle, the speediest horse on the range, and a brace of trusty guns, such a thing could happen—but probably never would. Before he departed on his mission, Bess confessed that she loved him with all her heart and soul. No matter what she was, he had saved her life and rescued her from Oldring and her darkened past.

This story began in No. 26, the Ledger for July 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XV.

SHADOWS ON THE SAGE-SLOPE.

IN THE cloudy, threatening, waning summer days shadows lengthened down the sage-slope, and Jane Withersteen likened them to the shadows gathering and closing in around her life.

Mrs. Larkin died, and little Fay was left an orphan with no known relatives. Jane's love redoubled. It was the saving brightness of a darkening hour. Fay turned now to Jane in childish worship. And Jane at last found full expression for the mother-longing in her heart. Upon Lassiter, too, Mrs. Larkin's death had some subtle reaction. Before, he had often, without explanation, advised Jane to send Fay back to any Gentile family that would take her in.

Passionately and reproachfully and wonderingly Jane had refused even to entertain such an idea. And now Lassiter never advised it again, grew sadder and quieter in his contemplation of the child, and infinitely more gentle and loving. Sometimes Jane had a cold, inexplicable sensation of dread when she saw Lassiter watching Fay. What did the rider see in the future? Why did he, day by day, grow more silent, calmer, cooler, yet sadder in prophetic assurance of something to be?

No doubt Jane thought the rider, in his almost super-human power of foresight, saw behind the horizon the dark, lengthening shadows that were soon to crowd and gloom over him and her and little Fay. Jane Withersteen awaited the long-deferred breaking of the storm with a courage and embittered calm that had come to her in her extremity. Hope had not died. Doubt and fear, subservient to her will, no longer gave her sleepless nights and tortured days. Love remained. All that she had loved she now loved the more. She seemed to feel that she was defiantly flinging the wealth of her love in the face of misfortune and of hate. No day passed but she prayed for all—and most fervently for her enemies.

It troubled her that she had lost, or had never gained, the whole control of her mind. In some measure reason and wisdom and decision were locked in a chamber of her brain, awaiting a key. Power to think of some things was taken from her. Meanwhile, abiding a day of judgment, she fought ceaselessly to deny the bitter drops in her cup, to tear back the slow, the intangibly slow growth of a hot, corrosive lichen eating into her heart.

On the morning of August 10th, Jane, while waiting in the court for Lassiter, heard a clear, ringing report of a rifle. It came from the grove, somewhere toward the corrals. Jane glanced out in alarm. The day was dull, windless, soundless. The leaves of the cottonwoods drooped, as if they had foretold the doom of Withersteen House, and were now ready to die and drop and decay. Never had Jane seen such shade. She pondered on the meaning of the report.

Revolver shots had of late cracked from different parts of the grove—spies taking snap-shots at Lassiter from a cowardly distance! But a rifle report meant more. Riders seldom used rifles. Judkins and Venters were the exceptions she called to mind.

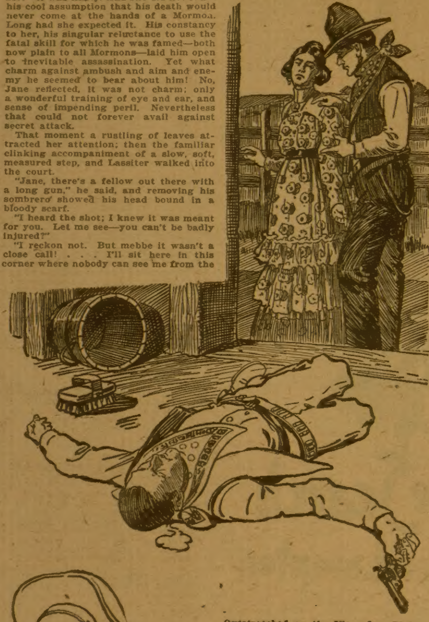
Had the men who hounded her hidden in her grove, taken to the rifle to rid her of Lassiter, her last friend? It was probable—it was likely. And she did not share his cool assumption that his death would never come at the hands of a Mormon. Long had she expected it. His constancy to her, his singular reluctance to use the fatal skill for which he was famed—both now plain to all Mormons—laid him open to inevitable assassination. Yet what charm against ambush and aim and enemy he seemed to bear about him! No, Jane reflected, it was not charm; only a wonderful training of eye and ear, and sense of impending peril. Nevertheless that could not forever avail against secret attack.

That moment a rustling of leaves attracted her attention; then the familiar clinking accompaniment of a slow, soft, measured step, and Lassiter walked into the court.

"Jane, there's a fellow out there with a long gun," he said, and removing his sombrero showed his head bound in a bloody scarf.

"I heard the shot; I knew it was meant for you. Let me see—you can't be badly injured?"

"I reckon not. But mebbe it wasn't a close call! . . . I'll sit here in this corner where nobody can see me from the grove." He untied the scarf and removed it to show a long, bleeding furrow above his left temple.



Outstretched on the Floor Lay Blake.

"It's only a cut," said Jane. "But how it bleeds! Hold your scarf over it just a moment till I come back."

She ran into the house and returned with bandages; and while she bathed and dressed the wound Lassiter talked.

"That fellow had a good chance to get me. But he must have flinched when he pulled the trigger. As I dodged down I saw him run thru the trees. He had a rifle. I've been expectin' that kind of gun play. I reckon now I'll have to keep a little closer hid myself. These fellers all seem to get chilly or shaky when they draw a bead on me, but one of them might jest happen to hit me."

"Won't you go away—leave Cottonwoods as I've begged you to—before some one does happen to hit you?" she appealed to him.

"I reckon I'll stay."

"But, oh, Lassiter—your blood will be on my hands!"

"See here, lady, look at your hands now, right now. Aren't they fine, firm, white hands? Aren't they bloody now? Lassiter's blood! That's a queer thing to stain your beautiful hands. But if you could only see deeper you'd find a redder color of blood. Heart color, Jane!"

"Oh! . . . My friend!"

"No, Jane, I'm not one to quit when the game grows hot, no more than you. This game, tho, is new to me, an' I don't know the moves yet, else I wouldn't have stepped in front of that bullet."

"Have you no desire to hunt the man who fired at you—to find him—and—and—kill him?"

"Well, I reckon I haven't any great hankerin' for that."

"Oh, the wonder of it! . . . I knew—I prayed—I trusted. Lassiter, I almost gave—all myself to soften you to Mormons. Thank God, and thank you, my friend. . . . But, selfish woman that I am, this is no great test. What's the life of one of those sneaking cowards to such a man as you? I think of your great hate toward him who— I think of your life's implacable purpose. Can it be——"

"Wait! . . . Listen!" he whispered. "I hear a hoss."

He rose noiselessly, with his ear to the breeze. Suddenly he pulled his sombrero down over his bandaged head, and, swinging his gun-sheaths round in front, he stepped into the alcove.

"It's a hoss—comin' fast," he added.

Jane's listening ear soon caught a faint, rapid, rhythmic beat of hoofs. It came from the sage. It gave her a thrill that she was at a loss to understand. The sound rose stronger, louder. Then came a clear, sharp difference when the horse passed from the sage trail to the hard-packed ground of the grove. It became a ringing run—swift in its bell-like clatterings, yet singular in longer pause than usual between the hoofbeats of a horse.

"It's Wrangle! . . . It's Wrangle!" cried Jane Withersteen. "I'd know him from a million horses!"

Excitement and thrilling expectancy flooded out all Jane Withersteen's calm. A tight band closed round her breast as she saw the giant sorrel flit in reddish-brown flashes across the openings in the green. Then he was pounding down the lane—thundering into the court—crashing his great iron-shod hoofs on the stone flags. Wrangle it was surely, but shaggy and wild-eyed, and sage-streaked, with dust-caked lather staining his flanks. He reared and crashed down and plunged.

The rider leaped off, threw the bridle, and held hard on a lasso looped round Wrangle's head and neck. Jane's heart sank as she tried to recognize Venters in the rider. Something familiar struck her in the lofty stature, in the sweep of powerful shoulders. But this bearded, long-haired, unkempt man, who wore ragged clothes patched with pieces of skin and boots that showed bare legs and feet—this dusty, dark, and wild rider could not possibly be Venters.

"Whoa, Wrangle, old boy. Come down. Easy now. So—so—so. You're home, old boy, and presently you can have a drink of water you'll remember."

In the voice Jane knew the rider to be Venters. He tied Wrangle to the hitching-rack and turned to the court.

"Oh, Bern! You wild man!" she exclaimed.

"Jane, Jane, it's good to see you! Hello, Lassiter! Yes, it's Venters."

Like rough iron his hard hand crushed Jane's. In it she felt the difference she saw in him. Wild, rugged, unshorn—yet how splendid! He had gone away a boy—he had returned a man. He appeared taller, wider of shoulder, deeper-chested, more powerfully built. But was that only her fancy—he had always been a young giant—was the change one of spirit? He might have been absent for years, proven by fire and steel, grown like Lassiter, strong and cool and sure. His eyes—were they keener, more flashing than before?—met hers with clear, frank, warm regard, in which perplexity was not, nor discontent, nor pain.

"Look at me long as you like," he said, with a laugh. "I'm not much to look at. And Jane, neither you nor Lassiter can brag. You're paler than I ever saw you. Lassiter, here, he wears a bloody bandage under his hat. That reminds me. Some one took a flying shot at me down in the sage. It made Wrangle run some. . . . Well, perhaps you've more to tell me than I've got to tell you."

Briefly, in few words, Jane outlined the circumstances of her undoing in the weeks of his absence.

Under his beard and bronze she saw his face whiten in terrible wrath.

"Lassiter—what held you back?"

No time in the long period of fiery moments and sudden shocks had Jane Withersteen ever beheld Lassiter as calm and serene and cool as then.

"Jane had gloom enough without my addin' to it by shootin' up the village," he said.

As strange as Lassiter's coolness was Venters' curious, intent scrutiny of them both, and under it Jane felt a flaming tide wave from bosom to temples.

"Well—you're right," he said, with slow pause. "It surprises me a little, that's all."

Jane sensed then a slight alteration in Venters, and what it was, in her own confusion, she could not tell. It had always been her intention to acquaint him with the deceit she had fallen to in her zeal to move Lassiter. She did not mean to spare herself. Yet now, at the moment, before these riders it was an impossibility to explain.

Venters was speaking somewhat haltingly, without his former frankness. "I found Oldring's hiding place and your red herd. I learned—I know—I'm sure there was a deal between Tull and Oldring." He paused and shifted his position and gaze. He looked as if he wanted to say something that he found beyond him. Sorrow and pity and shame seemed to contend for mastery over him. Then he raised himself and spoke with effort. "Jane, I've cost you too much. You've almost ruined yourself for me. It was wrong, for I'm not worth it. I never deserved such friendship. Well, maybe it's not too late. You must give me up. Mind, I haven't changed. I am just the same as ever. I'll see Tull while I'm here, and tell him to his face."

"Bern, it's too late," said Jane.

"I'll make him believe!" cried Venters, violently.

"You ask me to break our friendship?"

"Yes. If you won't, I shall!"

"Forever?"

"Forever!"

JANE sighed. Another shadow had lengthened down the sage slope to cast further darkness upon her. A melancholy sweetness pervaded her resignation. The boy who had left her had returned a man, nobler, stronger, one in whom she divined something unbending as steel. There might come a moment later when she would wonder why she had not fought against his will, but just now she yielded to it. She liked him as well—nay, more, she thought, only her emotions were deadened by the long, menacing wait for the bursting storm.

Once before she had held out her hand to him—when she gave it; now she stretched it tremblingly forth in acceptance of the decree circumstance had laid upon them. Venters bowed over it, kissed it, pressed it hard, and half-stifled a sound very like a sob. Certain it was that when he raised his head tears glistened in his eyes.

"Some—women—have a hard lot," he said, huskily. Then he shook his powerful form, and his rags lashed about him. "I'll say a few things to Tull—when I meet him."

"Bern—you'll not draw on Tull? Oh, that must not be! Promise me——"

"I promise you this," he interrupted, in stern passion that thrilled while it terrorized her. "If you say one more word for that plotter I'll kill him as I would a mad coyote!"

Jane clasped her hands. Was this fire-eyed man the one whom she had once made as wax to her touch? Had

(Continued on Page 20.)

Concluding a Vivid Picture and a Dramatic Story of the Quaker City in 1777

DRUMS OF DESPAIR

By J. C. Kofoed

Read This First---Then Finish the Story

LATE in the seventeen hundreds, shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution, Christopher and Anthony Boyd, and their third cousin, Peggy McCall, inherited the prosperous mercantile business of Alexander and Hector McCall, deceased, Alexander being Peggy's father. The Boyd brothers were each left a quarter interest, while Peggy's inheritance was the remaining half interest.

Christopher and Anthony, in 1776, were believed to be loyalists, as the McCalls had been in their lifetimes. But while apparently conducting their big business in Philadelphia, and posing as prominent business men, Anthony was a captain, and Christopher a lieutenant, in regiments commanded by General Washington.

While Anthony was in England on a secret mission for the American commander, a letter reached there that branded him as a spy. Christopher Boyd's name was signed at the bottom of the communication. Anthony was arrested, thrown into Old Mill prison, but escaped to France thru the aid of his boxing tutor, the champion of England, who had become a British soldier and one of the guards at the prison. To cover his real errand abroad, Anthony mixed with gentlemen of leisure over there, and in those days nearly every gentleman engaged in ring bouts.

Upon his return to Philadelphia Anthony was forced to arrest Christopher, who also was accused of wrecking the finances of their business house by their old bookkeeper and chief accountant. After Christopher had been placed under guard at Valley Forge the old accountant confessed that he had taken the missing funds and had written the letter to England to keep Anthony in prison there—if he should escape the firing squad. The old fellow had wagered ten thousand pounds of the firm's money that a boxer could be found who would defeat Provost Marshal Cunningham's British boxer, Watson by name, in a finish ring bout. The crafty old embezzler knew that Anthony was unbeatable by any known amateur boxer. Therefore he must meet Cunningham's man and save the firm by winning ten thousand pounds of the Cunningham crowd's money. Cunningham, by the way, was known as the most brutal officer in the British army, and he had publicly boasted that he would win Peggy McCall's hand by any means available.

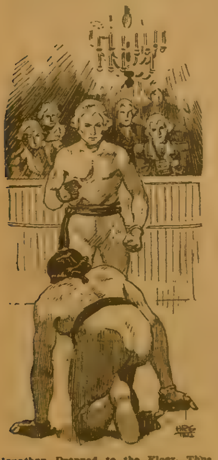
The night of the ring fight was a gala one. The Britishers turned out in their finest regalia. Large sums were posted on the result, the English champion being the favorite, of course. When Anthony stepped forward to shake the hand of his opponent, he was amazed to find himself face to face with his old tutor, JONATHAN JENIFER, THE CHAMPION BOXER OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT.

JENIFER looked up at the tall young man standing before him, and a smile of welcome lit his ruddy face. He sprang to his feet, holding out a hand. Anthony took it, but with despair in his heart. None knew better than he how far his superior as a ringman Jonathan Jenifer was, for times without number the big champion had toyed with him in friendly bouts.

Of course, the champion was a friend. He had risked his life to help Anthony escape from Old Mill prison. If he were told how necessary it was for Anthony to win, he would see that the feat was done. Victory in such a case meant nothing to him. For Cunningham and that vile crew at the prison Jenifer had only the deepest disgust. He could not hesitate a moment if the saving of Captain Boyd meant their ruin. Anthony knew that. But he could not ask the champion to let him win, even for Peggy's sake.



Jonathan Dropped to the Floor, Thus Ending the Round.

He must fight, but he would remember that it was Cunningham, and not rough, good-hearted Jonathan Jenifer on whom he really sought to drum a tattoo with his fists. There was a small chance of victory. Savagery of attack, youth and vitality might equalize the other's strength and boxing skill.

"We beant to mix it, be we, Mr. Boyd?" asked Jenifer. "Captain Cunningham said nowt o' who I was to box."

"Likely not. But we are to fight, Jonathan—and we shall fight our hardest—tho with no detriment to our friendship. There are issues hanging on this bout that you know not of."

A canny look appeared on the Englishman's face. "They know not that I am the champion," he whispered. "Private Watson, that's all I am—a lance-corporal, mayhap, if I win this bout, but that is nothing. When they rushed me into the Army I let none of 'em know what breed a bird they had trapped. If it is necessary for thee to win, lad, say the word. I care not a farthing if Cunningham has wagered his feather bed on me. If you want it, I'll let you win, Mr. Boyd."

But Anthony's honor and his pride could not stoop to that. If he saved Peggy's fortune it must be by his own might, and not thru craft or guile. There was a chance for him—a single, desperate fighting chance. He would take it. Jonathan and he could fight to the last drop of their heart's blood, yet hold each other no malice.

"We will fight, Jonathan," said Boyd, "to the end—but with all good feeling"

They shook hands again.

Cunningham came into the ring, favoring Anthony with a scowl like the boor he was; it being the fashion of gentlemen to treat their enemies with elaborate courtesy. Whilst examining the skin-tight covering on Boyd's fists, he said:

"Fight well, my bucko. You think to aid Mistress Peggy, do you? Yet you do her the most monstrous disservice here in the prize-ring."

"Cunningham," replied the American, "you will keep Mistress McCall's name out of your mouth, or I will stop it for you. Do you understand?"

The provost sniffed, turned his broad red back, and walked across the ring. Shippin, who stood behind Anthony's corner, followed his retreat with a smile.

There was noise a-plenty about the ring, what with the officers booking bets and calling to one another, yet when the men were called to scratch they quieted into breathless interest. Now, the fighters, with their cloaks thrown aside, could be studied.

Jenifer—or Watson, as the garrison officers knew him—stood equal in height with Boyd, but he was heavier than his younger opponent. His club-like forearms, his barrel of chest and sturdy legs were covered with thick, matted hair. Anthony, tho finely muscled, was slimmer and clean limbed.

At call of time they moved toward each other, Jenifer flat-footed, left shoulder hunched over his jaw, arm extended like a bayonet. The right he kept back at his sides as tho it were a huge stone in a sling, and, in truth, many a milling cove had thought 'twas when it landed on their jaws. Anthony danced in lightly like a French ballet master, and rattled half a dozen blows on Jonathan's face and chest. The champion shook them off, and rushed, fists slashing like scythes. Then he met with the surprise of his life.

Anthony [illegible] him, flat-footed, and with a swinging blow that set the Englishman back on his heels. He followed

FREE! A 42-Pc. FULL SIZE DINNER SET.
WE TRUST YOU. NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.
SELL ONLY 10 BOXES OF SOAP,
each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and a Package of Needles and this artistic Blue Bird Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums such as Wearing Apparel, Linen Sets, Furniture, etc. We also pay large Cash Commission for your time.

Special Free Present
We give a High Grade Granite Set, consisting of 10-qt. Dish Pan, 4-qt Preserve Kettle, 3-qt Sauce Pan and 3 qt Pudding Pan FREE of cost in addition to the Dinner Set, if you order promptly. We also give beautiful Presents for appointing agents.

We Pay The Freight
Allowing plenty of time for you to examine, deliver and collect.
BIG PRICE REDUCTIONS ON ALL GOODS.
You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. Don't delay.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 621 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.

Spectacles
on ten days trial
FREE

© 1922 A.S.H.

Don't Send Me One Penny
I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now. Notice the extra large round eyes in these latest style sight-improving spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under the bottoms of them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm
Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra large round-eye sight-improving spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance
As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire
If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style sight-improving spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in awhile, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, sight-improving spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing
Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style, sight-improving spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

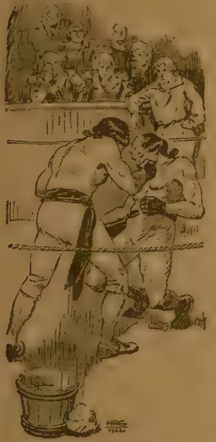
AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Dep't. 12 , 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance for far or near indoors or outdoors, and in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial I will pay you your advertising price of $2.[illegible] and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up to date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $[illegible] which you are asking for them and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. Be Sure to Answer the Following Questions:

How old are you? Ans.............. How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans..................
Name ....
County.......................... Post Office..........................
Rural Route.......................... Box No.................... State....................
Street and No (if any) ....

S. J. Stulman, Reg. Opt.

it with a rush that Jenifer failed to stem, clever as he was. Being canny as well as brave, Jonathan dropped to the floor, thus ending the round. The minute's rest on the knees of his second brought him to scratch, cool and smiling.

The second round lasted full fifteen minutes, and was crowded full o' clever sparring and bitter fighting. Anthony forced the pace, trusting to his youth and vitality. But Jonathan was no burned out pugilist. His wind was excellent, and he seemed not to tire faster than Anthony did. Besides, his greater skill and hitting power made the American suffer more. The latter was buffeted back and forth savagely enough, but never for an instant did he relax his terrific assault. Jonathan Jenifer had no easy time that day, as his bruised ribs and aching jaws testified. But there could only be one ending to the fight. Courageous and clever as he was Anthony felt himself outclassed. The breath came sobbingly from his lungs, his arms felt loaded with heavy weights, darkness dropped down before his eyes, but still he fought on.



A Rocket Seemed to Explode in Anthony's Brain. He Did Not Feel the Punch, Only the Sickening Crumple of His Knees.

Anthony had forgotten that the man he was fighting was Jonathan Jenifer. It was the shadow of despair that he sought to beat down; not the figure of his friendly enemy. In his dazed mind there thrummed but one thought: that when he was beaten the house of McCall would be ruined, and Peggy might be left to the mercy of Captain Cunningham. He must not fail! He must not fail!

He heard Jonathan's voice as from a great distance. "I don't want to be hittin' you more, Mr. Boyd. You're beaten now. Tell 'em that, why don't you?"

"Fight, Jonathan, fight!" muttered Anthony between his swollen lips. "You haven't whipped me yet."

With what little strength he had left Boyd rushed at his opponent, swinging weakly with both hands. To the cheering officers at the ringside it was a pathetic but admirable sight—this last effort of a beaten fighter. They saw Jenifer step back, with a most sad expression on his face, and measure his man with extraordinary coolness. It was not savagery on Jonathan's part. He knew that Anthony would fight to the bitter end, and it was more merciful to land the finishing blow than prolong the agony. His fist swept round with something of the enevitableness of fate in the gesture.

A rocket seemed to explode in Anthony's brain. He did not feel the punch, only the sickening crumple of his knees. He stretched out his arms, seeking to grasp a support, to keep himself on his feet, and continue the unequal battle. No overmatched man that ever lived had fought more gallantly than Anthony Boyd, but it availed him nothing.

The terrible thought that he had failed—not himself, but Peggy—pounded thru the foggy mazes of his mind. But Cunningham should not master her if all the Boyds swung on cross-road gibbets for the trouble. That was flat.

Anthony felt his hands scrabbling along the floor, and knew that he had been knocked down. Then he felt himself carried to his corner; heard the call of time, and tried to stagger to scratch, but his knees failed. He could not rise above the enervating weakness that held him helpless.

He was beaten!

CHAPTER VII
ALL CLEAR!

ANTHONY lay on a cot in one of the non-commissioned officer's rooms in the barracks, relaxing in sadly bruised and tired body before returning to the tavern where he lived. Two candles lit the bare little space, casting long black shadows across the walls, shadows that gestured menacingly as the flame quivered in the gusts of wind.

The American lifted himself painfully, and swung his legs over the edge of the cot. He had been too exhausted to think coherently about anything. Now he began to realize in what a horrible muddle his affairs were—all because he had been unable to box better than the champion of England.

The door banged open, and Shippin came in. His sallow little face was warped into a million wrinkles by a grin. There was a suggestion of a prance in the way he walked across the room, chin in air, to where Anthony sat with his bruised face between his hands.

"You look as tho you had returned from a triumphal festival, stead o' having the drums of despair beating for both of us," said Anthony.

"Triumph? It sure was a triumph!" chuckled the little clerk. He dragged a chair across the room, and plumped himself down before the man who had been beaten.

"Cunningham hates you, Master Anthony—Gad! how he hates you! He would pawn his immortal soul to clap you in his prison this night of all nights. Why, he is ruined—hopelessly ruined, and his chance to despoil the house of McCall and its fair mistress is gone."

"Ruined!" repeated Boyd dazedly. "That is scarce possible. His man won, did he not?"

Shippin cackled with laughter. "Watson won, yes—but Captain Cunningham had wagered his money on you, and I on Watson! Oh, 'tis the most glorious jest of the century. How his prisoners will chuckle with glee when they learn how he was basted to the Queen's taste."

"I don't understand."

"Look you. Cunningham knew that I had access to the McCall coffers. He was desirous of having Peggy lose her money, for he believed that she might then marry him. Hating you, and having a bitter streak of humor hidden 'neath his skin, he decided to make you the instrument of her downfall. Tho he had prated highly of this fellow Watson, whom he did not know was Jonathan Jenifer, he was positive that you could whip him. So he begged me to wager ten thousand on Watson, feeling certain that I would lose. Then he sent his agents forth to bet on you, and I sent mine to lay my money on Jenifer. Why, Master Anthony, I had heard you say with your own lips that Jonathan could toy with you, so I felt safe enough."

"So you won, after all?"

"Aye."

"Why did you not tell me the conditions before we fought."

Old Shippin winked craftily. "I have no scruples, but you have, and I dared not gamble on them. You might have refused to fight in such a mess of intrigue. All is well now, with the firm safe, and Peggy in Philadelphia, but

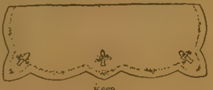
TIRES WITH 500 NAIL HOLES LEAK NO AIR.

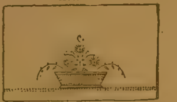
Mr. J. H. Coats, of the M[illegible] Puncture Proof Tire Company, of Chicago, has invented a new puncture proof inner tube, which in actual test was run [illegible] without [illegible] any [illegible] Many [illegible] miles with [illegible] the [illegible] beauty of it all is that from [illegible] this [illegible] tube costs no more than the ordinary tube and makes riding a real pleasure. Wonderful opportunity for agents. Write Mr. J. H. Coats, 333 West 47th. Street, Chicago, Illinois, today. Simply send name—a postcard will do.—Adv.

Ledger Embroidery Patterns
By Helen Kaufman

Dainty Collar, Cuffs, Vestee and Handkerchief to Match.

For early autumn wear the colored chambray collar, cuffs and vestee will alter the appearance of the tweed suit, purchased early in the year. Any shade of plain material may be used with the baskets and bias border of checked gingham to match. The flowers are embroidered in shades to harmonize, the leaves form part of a circle around the back. This set may be carried out in the various shades of one color. For example, the chambray of plain orchid, with the orchid and white checked baskets and borders. The flowers worked in light medium and dark purple, 6 strand cotton. The leaves in lazy daisy stitches in white. Rose, blue, green or yellow backgrounds can be worked in the same manner. White organdy with colored borders are also very attractive. Colored handkerchief to match or used separately are in vogue. The set or parts of it, will make welcome gifts.


K669


K660

Attractive Bridge or Luncheon Set.

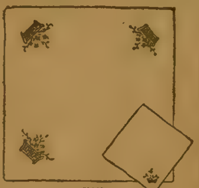
This five-piece set, No. K668 was used on a yard square cloth with four 12-inch square napkins to match. This may be worked on Indian head, unbleached muslin or on linen, as preferred. The baskets of tan chambray have the outlined lines of two shades of brown. The small flowers are worked solid in either blue, pink, yellow or lavender, with the edge to match. The edges may be finished in crossed stitches over a rolled hem or in blanket stitch, at the edge of a narrow hem. If preferred, a plain hemstitched hem may be used. The cloth alone may be stamped on black sateen for a bridge cover. These are very effective worked in the bright colors of silk or cotton.

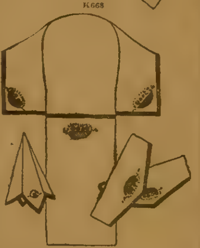
Embroidered Dresser Scarf.

No. K669 was used on a dresser scarf size 54x18 inches. The corner baskets are smaller than the center one. The baskets of light blue chambray, with the flowers in pink, yellow, orchid and blue. The four petaled flowers are worked solid in each of the colors, the other flowers in lazy daisy stitches are also of these colors, with green leaves. The trailing vine connecting the baskets is of green with the colored flowers. The edge is hemstitched and finished with a narrow edge of crochet or tatting in blue. Rose, yellow or orchid could be used for the baskets and edge.

Applique and Embroidered Towel.

No. K660 was used on a huck towel. The broad low basket of any color of chambray, is outlined and covered with cross stitches. This work may be done in dark blue, brown or black, 6 strand cotton. The flowers in lazy daisy stitches, of blue, pink and lavender, with green leaves and stems. The center of each flower is of green French knots. The hemmed edge has the stitches covered by the lines of cross stitches.


K668


K666

Note: Perforated patterns, including stamping compound and directions for stamping, may be had as follows: K666, collar set, 15c; K668, lunch set, 15c; K669, full size scarf, 35c; K660, towel, 15c; or all four patterns for 65c.

ORDER BLANK FOR EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

Ledger Embroidery Pattern Dept., 306 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find................ Send me patterns numbered ....

Name................ Street or P. O. Box..........

Town................ State..........

Inclose stamps, money order or coin. Wrap coins carefully.

FOR YOUR BLOOD!

Keep Your Blood Pure. Throw off the Poisons and the Flu Won't Get You

Westville, Ill.—"I had an ulcer and I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it healed in a short time. I also used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in connection with the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and found them very good. My family and I have used the 'Pellets' for the last four years and find them fine to ward off colds and diseases. All the time the 'flu' was raging so thickly none of us had it and all we did to keep it off was to take a few of the 'Pellets' two or three times a week."—Henry D. Bush, 407 Indiana Ave.

Obtain now from your neighborhood druggist Dr. Pierce's Family Remedies. Write Dr. Pierce, Pres., Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 608 E. Olive St., B-325, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

Piles Can Be Cured Without Surgery

An instructive book has been published by Dr. A. S. McCleary, the noted rectal specialist of Kansas City. This book tells how sufferers from Piles can be quickly and easily cured without the use of knife, scissors, "hot" iron, electricity or any other cutting or burning method, without confinement to bed and no hospital bills to pay. The method has been a success for twenty-three years and in more than six thousand cases. The book is sent postpaid free to persons afflicted with piles or other rectal troubles who clip this item and mail it with name and address to Dr. McCleary, 520 Parkview, Kansas City, Mo.

Watch, Knife & Chain $1.95

Send No Money C.O.D. Fully Guaranteed

This [illegible] model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size perfect time keeper for only $1.95. Solid Silveroid thin model case, open face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, fully tested. [illegible] ten guarantee with every watch. Present given with each watch. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $1.95 and the watch and present is yours.
Consolidated Watch Co., Dept. 81, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.46 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond [illegible] and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.
KRAUTH & REED DEPT. 137, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

Goitre Pay When Well

I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a little while. Pay when well. Tell your friends about this. Write me at once. DR. ROCK, Dept. L Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis.

DO YOU WISH TO KNOW

how Radio works? How Houdini escapes from a steel riveted tank? How a clairvoyant reads minds? How messages are received from the spirit world? How people are influenced, hypnotized or healed? Write for Mysterious Psychic Forces: [illegible] easy to understand. Send no money. Pay Postman $2.10 on delivery.
J. DVORAK, 123 East 29th St., Chicago, Ill.

BUNIONS

I don't care how bad your Bunion is, my new treatment Ped-O will end the pain and [illegible] I make no charge for the treatment. It is a new different method that gets results. Write today for full treatment. If results are satisfactory, costs $2.00, if not, costs nothing.
H. D. POWERS, Dept. B-510 Battle Creek, Mich.

WATCH FREE

This fine American made Watch, new thin model, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED [illegible] ROSEBUD [illegible] EASY TO SELL. We TRUST YOU. Order today.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 132. Woodsboro, Md.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

[illegible] for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. [illegible] Send [illegible] and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

now returned from Kennett Square."

When Shippin had gone, Anthony turned wearily to dress. His body was stiff and sore, but his heart danced with joy. As quickly as he could he would fare back to Valley Forge to free his brother. As he stooped to pick up his waistcoat, he heard a sound at the door, and turned.

Cunningham stood there, a flame in his eyes, and a ghastly smile stretching the muscles of his visage.

"You are to be my latest boarder, Boyd. Trust me to give you the best accommodations I have. If you live—and I don't think that you will—the memory will be burned forever in your brain."

Anthony steadied himself with the back of the chair. "What do you mean, Captain Cunningham?"

"I mean that Tarleton has flown the cage you prepared for him!"

Motionless, breathless, Boyd stood there, watching his enemy. Then he sprang at Cunningham. Round and round the walls they reeled, staggered, wrestling, locked like infuriated wolverines. Anthony clutched the provost's wrist, wrenching at it in an effort to send the pistol clattering to the floor. But Cunningham, gripping onto it, suddenly set his crooked knee inside Anthony's and tripped him headlong, hurling them both sideways to the floor, where they rolled, desperately [illegible].

The American was still weak from his desperate battle with [illegible], else he would early have crushed the [illegible] over-fat provost. As it was [illegible] ham deflected the muzzle of the pistol bit by bit until it came in line with the other's body.

Suddenly there was an explosion. Anthony rolled limply over. A smell of scorched cloth and burnt flesh offended the air. Cunningham got [illegible] to his feet, breathing [illegible]. Before he could celebrate his triumph, Tommy Entwisle and his [illegible] Scharf, bounded into the room. The provost squawked like a frightened [illegible] they dragged him down in a trice and bound him.

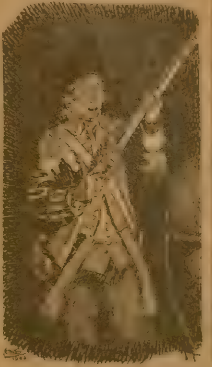
Entwisle bent over Anthony, [illegible] anxiously [illegible]

"It [illegible] shoulder wound. Get me out of [illegible] [illegible] were [illegible] with British [illegible] a scant half hour ago."

[illegible] We have a chaise [illegible] sweet lady [illegible] as I [illegible] here to tell you that Tarleton had escaped."

[illegible] Anthony was in his [illegible] bandaged [illegible] shoulder [illegible]

The [illegible] on, the hoofs of



A Red-coated Sentry—Musket Presented—Stepped Into the Glow Thrown by the Chaise Lamps.

the horses [illegible] on the road, mud [illegible] from under them, and the [illegible] thru the flying wheels.

[illegible]

"A post [illegible]" [illegible] Scharf.

Entwisle [illegible] out of the [illegible] and [illegible] darkness. Peggy [illegible] knees, [illegible] peering anxiously after him.

Suddenly [illegible] shouted "Halt! Who goes there?"

Scharf dragged the horses to an impatient stop as a red-coated sentry—musket presented—stepped into the glow thrown by the chaise lamps. He was a very bony man [illegible] his hair was [illegible] sticky [illegible]

It may have [illegible] Scharf's baleful [illegible] have merely been his own nervousness. At any rate, the sentry [illegible] and bawled "Sergeant o' the quarter guard! Post number [illegible]"

Then Entwisle's arm crooked under [illegible] palm was clapped over the frightened fool's mouth. A thong around his arms and he was rolled into the mud at the side of the road.

The chaise thundered by the tollhouse, unmindful of the shots banged after them by the startled guardsmen.

Ten minutes later they met a patrol of continental dragoons. When Anthony heard their voice he smiled up thru the darkness at Peggy.

"Safe again, sweetheart," he whispered, "with the drums of despair playing a muffled tattoo behind us. God willing, we will go back there some day, and silence them altogether."

THE END

* * *

The White Man

(Concluded From Page 3.)

grinned foolishly at big Jock Kearney.

"Well, what d' yuh know about that?" he said inanely. "I stopped to take care o' this fellow an'"

His wife broke from his embrace with a cry of joy and knelt beside the man in the bunk. He kissed her and grinned over her head at Clancy.

"I don't know your name," he confessed, "but from the way Jennie's been huggin' you I reckon we must be relatives o' some sort, say brother-in-law, or somethin' like that."

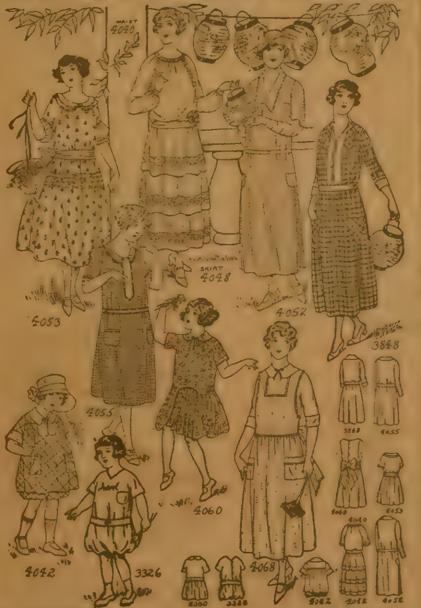
"Oh, Joe, it's Danny!" the girl cried. "It's Danny!"

Clancy fished in the pocket of his sealskin vest for tobacco and papers.

"Well, what d' yuh know about that?" he inquired again. "Ain't that the limit?"

He held a light to his cigarette with trembling fingers and sat down, still grinning very foolishly. Suddenly he sprawled across the table with his head in his arms and cried, as only a man to whom a tear is an epoch may cry.

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 4053.—Misses' Dress.—Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5⅝ yards of 32-inch material. If collars and puffs are made of contrasting material [illegible] yard of 40-inch material will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅝ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4055.—Junior Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 4 yards of 32-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards. Price 12 cents.

Nos. 4040-4048.—Ladies' Costume. Waist 4040 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt 4048 cut in 6 sizes: [illegible] 30 and [illegible] measure. [illegible] this dress for a medium size will require 9⅛ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the lower edge is about 2⅛ yards.

TWO separate patterns 12 cents FOR EACH pattern.

No. 1052.—Ladies' Dress. [illegible] 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A [illegible] of 40-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is a little more than two yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 3848.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4042.—Child's Play Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires ⅝ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide. Price 12 cents.

No. 3326.—Child's Rompers. Cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 3⅝ yards of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4060.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 10-year size requires 3¼ yards of 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4068.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36, medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Please note carefully the new address of Ledger Pattern Service.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 7057 Jeffery Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Inclosed find.......... Send me the Patterns listed below:
Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.
Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.
Name ....
Street or P. O. Box ....
Town ...., State ....
Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

SALE Four Panel DRESS
All Over Silk Swiss [illegible]
This charming Swiss embroidered [illegible] dress sent [illegible] without paying [illegible] in advance. [illegible]
$3.65
[illegible]
SEND NO MONEY
Just your name and address, stating choice of color and size required. The postman will deliver this dress direct to you without one penny in advance. Simply pay the price of the dress, $3.65.
Satisfaction or Money Back
We guarantee to please you in every way [illegible] ORDER BY NUMBER 1365.
Misses sizes 14 to [illegible] years
Womens [illegible]
Choice of Navy Blue or Wine color
SEND TODAY DON'T DELAY
Be Sure to State Color and Size
LESTER-ROSE CO., Dept. [illegible] CHICAGO

42 PIECE DINNER SET Free
[illegible] and [illegible] floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.
TYRELL WARD CO., 4331 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

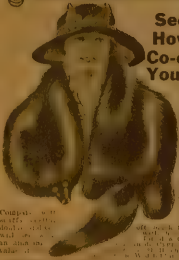
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE
[illegible] AGENTS [illegible] PHONOGRAPH [illegible] Free [illegible] as low as
$2 A MONTH
[illegible] and $10 worth of records FREE
Send No Money
Just [illegible] name and address [illegible] limited number of machines shipped on this extra liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.
DAVIS, Dept. [illegible]
6101 May St., CHICAGO

A 10-Piece Glass Set Given FREE
I want to give you [illegible]
SEND NO MONEY - [illegible] name and [illegible]
C. M. BELK, Sec., 205 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CHICKS Broilers, Leghorns, Rocks and Reds, 8 cts. and up. Safe delivery guaranteed. Circular free. [illegible]
W. A. LAUVER, - McAlisterville, Pa

Co-operation is Simply Smashing Prices

Don't Send a Penny.



See How Co-operation Saves You Money on Furs

No need to consider furs a luxury when co-operation puts them easily within your reach. We go to headquarters, buy at the rock bottom price and give you the benefit of the tremendous savings.

Large Manchurian Wolf Scarf

Here's a chance you simply can't let pass. A bargain so alluring, a value so amazing that it seems [illegible]

This splendid scarf is Manchurian Wolf, commonly known as [illegible] Wolf Dog. [illegible] soft dark fur [illegible]

Compare with scarfs [illegible] double [illegible] an amazing value [illegible]

Co-operative Price **$3.69**

Order Black by No. XB2432. Brown by No. XB2431. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price $3.69. We pay postage.

HARRISON PARKER
Founder of the Co-operative Society of America

Look at the merchandise [illegible] page, then look at the prices. That one look will show you how co-operation has hammered prices down to the point where you have wanted to see them go.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY OF AMERICA now controlling the great mail order house of LEONARD-MORTON & CO., has matched the tremendous buying power of nearly 100,000 people against the profiteer and middleman and these bargains show how co-operation has won. Here are the goods and here are the prices. You know what you have paid for such goods as these. No need to make mere claims about money saving bargains when this proof is right in front of you.

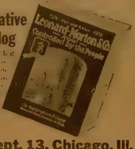
And now we extend all the privileges and advantages of this big co-operative organization to the general public. We invite every man and woman in America to share in the savings which co-operative buying has made possible. These bargains are for you. Send for anything you want.

Don't send a penny. Wait until goods arrive. Then pay only the Co-operative price. If not satisfied, return the goods and we will immediately refund your money.

No need now for you to stand alone when you can have these thousands of Co-operators with you and share in the savings which their united action makes possible. Order anything you want from this ad or from our catalog.

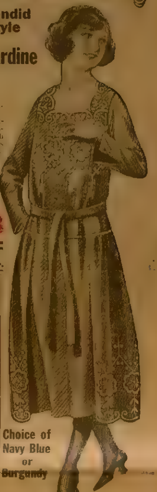
Harrison Parker

FREE! Great Co-operative Bargain Catalog



If you order from this page you will get our big bargain catalog with the goods. If you don't order send for the catalog anyhow. See its thousands of bargains, let it explain the great plan of co-operative buying and distribution, which is enabling thousands of families in every community to make every dollar they spend bring back its real value. All this fully explained. Don't fail to get this information. Learn from it how to cut down your cost of living. A postcard or letter brings it free.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 13, Chicago, Ill.



Splendid Style

Embroidered Gabardine Dress

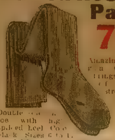
This charming dress is made of fine quality cotton gabardine cloth in two colors, navy and burgundy. Note the long-waisted bodice effect, pleasingly emphasized by contrasting color piping to match embroidery. The loose panels on sides are scalloped at bottom and embroidered in a contrasting color. [illegible] Women's sizes [illegible] to 46 bust [illegible] about [illegible] inches. Misses' sizes [illegible] to 38 [illegible] skirt length measured from natural waistline about [illegible] inches.

Co-operative Price **$2.78**

Order Navy Blue by No. XB1380. Burgundy by No. XB1382. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Choice of Navy Blue or Burgundy

Boys' Strong Cotton Hose 3 Pairs 79c

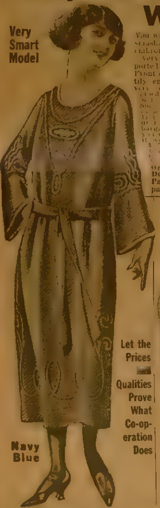


Amazing bargain. Only 79c brings 3 pairs of these strong cotton hose.

Double [illegible] toe with high spliced heel. Color Black. Sizes 6 to [illegible]. No. XF260. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Co-operative price for 3 pairs 79c. We pay postage.

Whatever You Order Give Your Size

Richly Embroidered All-Wool Serge



Very Smart Model

You will see what co-operation means in price smashing when you examine this splendid embroidered all wool navy blue serge dress. Very smart style, taken from a costly imported model designed on very exclusive lines. Front of waist and skirt and sleeves are prettily embroidered with contrasting colors in very artistic design. [illegible] bargain [illegible] you can't match [illegible] $[illegible] and $[illegible] [illegible]

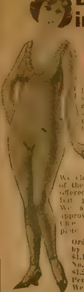
Co-operative Price **$4**[illegible]

Order by No. XB1376. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Navy Blue

Let the Prices and Qualities Prove What Co-operation Does

Bargain in Union Suits $1.19

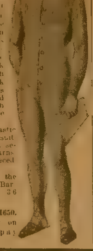


Lay in your supply while this offer holds good. These medium weight suits are knit from fine soft cotton. Very soft and comfortable. Low neck, no sleeves. Fits snug but easy.

We claim that this is one of the best bargains ever offered in underwear. But judge for yourself. We send the goods on approval. Order while the stock is complete.

Order sizes 34, 36, 38 by No. XE1732. Price $1.19. Sizes 40, 42, 44 No. XE1732X. Price $1.29. Don't Send a Penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Big Value in Men's Union Suits 95c



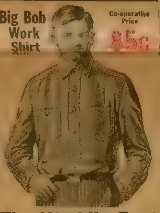
Smashed prices! A value that we challenge the world to equal in underwear of this grade. We made a lucky purchase, got a big stock at a price which enables us to mark these union suits at fully a third less than such qualities have sold for.

A well fitting elastic ribbed union suit knit from finest selected cotton yarns. Brushed fleeced. Ecru color.

We say it's the World's Biggest Bargain. Sizes 36 to 44.

Order by No. XE1650. Price 95c. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Big Bob Work Shirt



Co-operative Price **85c**

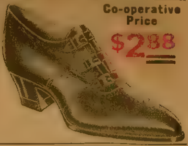
The World's Best Work Shirt Bargain

Every man should order at least 3 of these famous Big Bob Work Shirts. Think of it [illegible] That's how co-operation makes your dollars bigger in buying power. Made of a [illegible] chambray. Double stitched seams [illegible] two large pockets with reinforced facing, to close with button and buttonhole [illegible] double cuffs [illegible] button through [illegible] collar and arm holes. Color blue. Sizes 14 to 17.

Order by No. XM1214. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price 85c each; 3 for $2.30. We pay postage.

Order As Many of These Bargains As You Want. Don't Pay Until the Goods Come.

3 Strap Oxford

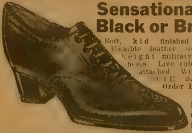


Co-operative Price **$2.88**

Black or Brown Kid finished leather. New perforated wing tip. Flexible leather soles. Military walking heels. Live rubber heels attached. Widths D, E and EE. Sizes 2½ to 8.

Order Brown by No. XA164. Black No. XA156. Pay on arrival. Price $2.88.

Sensational Value In Black or Brown Oxfords



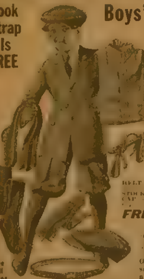
Soft, kid finished leather. Flexible leather soles. New height military walking heels. Live rubber heels attached. Widths D, E and EE. Sizes 2½ to 8.

$1.85

Order Brown by XA245. Black No. XA246.

Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price $1.85. We pay postage.

Boys' Complete 8-Piece School Outfit



Book Strap Is FREE

Co-operative Price **$6.79**

The most daring offer ever made in boys' clothing, if you judge by [illegible]

Most for the Money

SUIT [illegible]

Trousers [illegible]

BLOUSE [illegible]

[illegible]

BELT [illegible]

STOCKINGS [illegible]

CAP [illegible]

FREE. Double Book Strap [illegible] given with [illegible]

Don't Wait Too Long

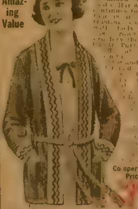
[illegible]

Order boys' outfit by No. XM3080. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for all 8 garments $6.79. We pay postage.

Give All Sizes

Tuxedo Sweater

The price of this splendid sweater shows how the co-operators give bargains.



An Amazing Value

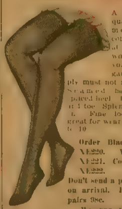
A fine, warm and stylish garment of mixed wool [illegible] which continues to [illegible] in contrasting color [illegible] and [illegible] rows embroidery the full [illegible] Turnback cuffs [illegible] to 44 [illegible]

Co-operative Price **$**[illegible]

Order Brown and Buff by No. XL1025. Black and White by No. XL1026. Jockey and Taupe by No. XL1027. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

3 Pairs Fine Hose

Co-operative Price **98c**



A splendid quality of full mercerized cotton hose at a price which gives you a bargain you simply must not miss. Seamed back. High spliced heel. Double sole and toe. Splendidly woven. Fine looking and great for wear. Sizes 8½ to 10.

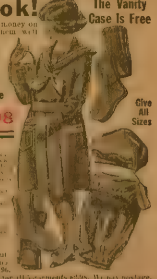
Order Black by No. XF220. White No. XF221. Cordovan No. XF222.

Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for 3 pairs 98c.

We pay postage.

Mothers, Look!

See how co-operation helps you to save money on the children's clothing and to keep them well dressed in good quality stylish garments.



The Vanity Case Is Free

Give All Sizes

Girls' Complete 5-Piece Outfit

(A Vanity Case FREE)

Co-operative Price **$2.98**

Positively the most amazing value in girls' outfits ever offered. Your opportunity to dress the child from head to foot for only $2.98. [illegible]

Ideal School Clothes

Sailor Style Dress, [illegible]

Black Sateen Bloomers of [illegible]

2 Pairs Stockings, [illegible]

Tam, [illegible] navy cloth [illegible]

Sizes 7 to 14 Years

FREE. Beautiful fitted Vanity Case [illegible]

Send Your Order NOW

We provided a large supply of these outfits but they are going fast and school time is nearly here. Order by No. XB1196. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for all 5 garments $2.98. We pay postage.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO.

Controlled by THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Dept. 13 Chicago, Ill.

STORE PRICE [illegible]
AGENTS!
$1.97 BIG Beauty Outfit
[illegible]
Make $36 a Week Get Yours FREE!
[illegible]
SEND NO MONEY! [illegible] Write today!
UNIVERSAL LABORATORIES
Dept. [illegible] 1857 Armitage Ave., CHICAGO

New 300 Candle Power Lamp
Make $60 to $100 a Week
Burns Kerosene or Gasoline
[illegible]
THE DIAMOND LIGHT
AGENTS Send for OUTFIT FREE OFFER
THE AKRON LAMP CO.
[illegible] Lamp Bldg., Akron, O.

$10.00 A DAY PAID
Weekly to one man in each [illegible] taking orders for [illegible] tures, blowouts, [illegible] Double tire mileage. [illegible] used over and over again Pure live rubber, no metal no fabric, no friction Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Nothing like it. Absolute three-year guarantee. Users are boosters. Unlimited demand. Every truck or car owner a live prospect. No capital required. Checks mailed weekly. Write to
Coffield Tire Protector Co., 322 Court St., Dayton, Ohio

Agents
[illegible]

$50-$100 WEEKLY EASY [illegible]

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

[illegible] dirt, contagious germs [illegible] The metal of which [illegible] rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.
W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

My new plan brings this man $10.76 an hour!
L. G. Spindler of Akron, Ohio, [illegible] the first time [illegible] men and women are [illegible] Gust Belgy made $52.00 in one day! E. Y. Oliver sold $30 in two hours. W. E. Gibson took 69 orders in 2 days. W. H. Marion got 36 orders from 40 calls. [illegible]
An Amazing Opportunity
[illegible]
Just Send Me Your Name
[illegible] You'd never forget it
E. M. DAVIS, Dept. 4099 Chicago
E. M. Davis, Dept. 4099 Chicago
Please send me full particulars of your new sales plan [illegible] that there is big money in it.
Name ......
St. No. ......
Town ...... State

Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 6)

may be inclined to accept the situation. After all, he's had his pickings, hasn't [illegible]

Lafe shook his head. "You don't get on to these people's ways," he answered. "They're stupid enough to cut off their noses to spite their faces. Brousseau feels that you're a challenge to him as boss, and he'd stop at nothing to get you out of St. Boniface."

"Well," answered Hilary cheerfully, "we'll meet that trouble when it comes. Meanwhile, don't spare the teams in breaking up those piles and sending them thru the mill. I've got to get out a [illegible] to credit all the wood that goes thru the mill to the St Boniface tract and let Brousseau take any action he likes [illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

[illegible]

BROUSSEAL was not long in declaring war. On the following afternoon, as he sat in his office, Hilary, looking thru the window, saw Madeleine Rosny driving a rig along the road toward the mill. Beside her sat a man whom he [illegible] once that it was Brousseau, but he hardly expected that the girl was bringing [illegible]

Such proved to be the case. The rig stopped at the door, and Hilary had a glimpse of Madeleine's averted, scornful face as she sat waiting, as if Hilary was beneath her pride, as if to stop there was no more than to stop at any laborer's shack. Her companion leaped out and came briskly to the door.

He was a man of something more than forty, but active and young-looking. He wore a trim black mustache, a straw hat, [illegible] his head, he was sprucely dressed, and his face, vulgar and self-confident tho it was, had yet an aspect of power

He came into the office and glared down at Hilary, who at once rose and [illegible]

[illegible]

"That means something to you, Mr. Askew [illegible]

[illegible] one of my men yesterday. Do you think you can come into this country and knock my men about like that for doing [illegible]

"He was on the Rosny seigniory, and cutting my timber."

"He was where I located him. He was on the west side of the Riviere Ro[illegible]

"He was between Riviere Rocheuse [illegible] He was cutting where Leblanc has been cutting, and Leblanc was employed by the Rosny concern."

"He was on the west side of Riviere Rocheuse," snarled Brousseau. "The Riviere Rocheuse has never been surveyed. What you call the creek is the upper part of Riviere Rocheuse. Leblanc had permission to cut that tract for Mr Morris because our two compa[illegible] way to make explanations, Monsieur Askew, but take that for what it is [illegible]

"I do so and it is worth nothing," [illegible] "What is your propo[illegible]

[illegible]ou assaulted my man."

"Never mind your man. He started it, and he needed it. If I find him on my limits I'll assault him again. You haven't come here to complain about that, Monsieur Brousseau. What have you come for?"

[illegible]ed and banged his fist on the d[illegible] "I've come here to tell [illegible] fool, young man," he answered. "My word goes in this part of the country, and you can't come in here and fight me."

"I think," said Hilary with emphasis, "that so far from fighting you the St. Boniface concern has done pretty well by you."

"Mr Morris and I worked together [illegible] that our interests were identi[illegible]

"Your proposal, please," said Hilary [illegible]tly

"Now you're talking sense. This ain't the United States, where you rich men can come into a territory and grab it [illegible]y from the people under their noses. W[illegible] ain't used to it and we won't have it. You'll put Mr. Morris back as manager and go home, or else you'll [illegible] out to me."

"Yes, it does come to about the same [illegible]ng," said Hilary. "Why don't you ask me to make you a free gift of the concession?"

[illegible]au scowled savagely at the [illegible] He was educated enough to be stung by banter, but not quick enough to retaliate in kind

"Now I'll make you my own proposition," said Hilary. "It's this. You can either submit your books to my in[illegible]tion and make good that lumber that Morris stole from me last year, and keep your men on your own limits, or [illegible] can give up the mill rights after Oc[illegible] first and build your own mill."

Brousseau turned white with rage.

"I'll run you out of this countr[illegible]" he raved. "I'll freeze you out before the winter's over, Monsieur Askew. You watch me!"

"Maybe," said Hilary. "Meanwhile, I think you're keeping the buggy waiting, and there is no use in prolonging this conversation unless you want to accept my terms"

Brousseau shook with wrath; he opened his mouth to speak, but snorted instead; he shook his fist furiously, and, turning upon his heel, stamped out of the office. From his desk Hilary watched him climb into the buggy and drive away. His head was bent toward Madeleine Rosny's, and he was talking emphatically and gesticulating freel[illegible]

"War's declared," said Hilary to himself, with relief, as he settled himself in his chair.

Now that "war" is actually declared between the rival forces, the reader may wonder as to what part the pretty Madeleine Rosny will play in the exciting events that are bound to occur in rapid sequence. Young Askew, fighting almost alone in hostile territory, will prove a hero, indeed, if he triumphs over his powerful foes. Part four will be found in next week's Ledger.

The Ingrate

(Concluded From Page 2)

a good job when he got out. He also met Nell and spoke a few words of cheer, which lightened up the girl's dark eyes.

In the course of time Eddie received his discharge and walked out into the sunlight. He had gained flesh while in the penitentiary and looked more like a man. He was in the very prime of life, clear-eyed and strong. Being well dressed and of fine appearance, he was keenly aware of the favorable impression he created. In the old home town—the town where he had made a misstep—the glad hand was extended on every side. He was invited to social functions, attended his old church and was smilingly received by the young women. The prodigal had returned and [illegible] bent on forgetting the mistake and encouraging him in his efforts to retrieve [illegible]

The ex-convict began to feel that he hadn't been so bad after all, and when the subject of his term in the pen was referred to he spoke bitterly of the "excessive punishment" given him. But that was past now, and he intended to [illegible] and mother, and his many friends, that he was worthy of their confidence [illegible] would begin by cutting out all his [illegible]

NELL resigned her job and returned to Stanfield Then she waited with a [illegible] the romance the paper had talked [illegible] With the offer of employment by a wealthy and highly reputable old gentleman, it would be folly to approach him with a Magdalen as his bride. Anybody with both eyes shut could see that. So he told her gently but firmly [illegible] piously advised her to seek some honest employment and try to be good. It was a little odd that she should break down and cry over a suggestion of so sage a character, and all given with the best intentions in the world, but that is what she did, and he left her before the storm subsided, without bothering to say good-by.

Then he went to Ohio and reported for duty at the large establishment operated by his friend. In all his life he had never seen such magnificently appointed offices, and he felt that he had reached a place where the surroundings were in consonance with his ambition. He was beginning to feel at home. The round-faced man met him with a bright smile and a glad hand, then took him affectionately by the arm and led him into his private office. There they chatted for a long while. The big man was delighted over the improved appearance of [illegible] had learned what he could do and assigned him an important position. The salary was even up to the rather opti[illegible] self. As he was leaving, Mr. Trustwell nudged his new employe slyly in the side [illegible]

"By the way, where's our little girl, [illegible]

Darrell laughed lightly.

"Oh, I didn't bring her along," he said; "I guess she's got another fellow by this [illegible]

"Do you mean to tell me, sir," said the old gentleman, his manner changing with terrible rapidity, "that you have desert[illegible]

'Why, I—I, you know she's a—well—"

'Don't say it, sir, lest I strike you down!" cried the big man, in white heat. "A man might steal and reform. But there's no hope for such as you! There's the exit—go! You low down dog!'

Passing of the Ship Steerage.

MOST of the millions of immigrants [illegible] former years, came in the s[illegible] For a majority, perhaps, the [illegible] was more tragic than romantic. [illegible] is only within recent years that [illegible]tions for steerage passengers have been brought to a humane standard, and it has taken much agitation and strict Government regulation to bring about the change.

On most modern steamships on the North Atlantic the old-time steerage is virtually abolished. The large liners now uniformly have first, second and third-class passengers, but the third-class is better than was second-class a few years ago. This Nation's imm[illegible]tion law has been a factor in the cha[illegible], but the controlling factor is keen competition by the companies. Quality of third-class accommodations is more important today than the number [illegible]

The old-time steerag[illegible] Waterloo for still another r[illegible] large steerage capacity could only be filled at the height of the season, and only on westbound voyage[illegible] owners have found it more pr[illegible] to provide comfortable cabins for [illegible] class passengers, and cater to [illegible] traffic

The division of passengers on vessels into separate classes is distinctly European in origin. The same custom pre[illegible]ls on most European railways. It is not a custom that has ever [illegible] with marked favor in this democratic country.

❦ ❦ ❦

"Old Glory."

FOR almost twenty-five years the American flag had fifteen stripes. Two were added to the original thirteen upon admission of two new States in [illegible] and remained until 1818, when Congress reduced the number again to thirteen

New Hair After Baldness
If this should meet the eye of anyone who is losing hair or is bald, let it be known that KOTALKO, containing genuine bea[illegible] wonderfully successful. Hair grown in [illegible] cases when all else failed. Refund guarantee. Get a box at any busy pharmacy; or mail 10 cents for proof box with many voluntary testimonials Kotalko Office, BN-473, Station X, New York.

$550.00 Overland Auto FREE
[illegible] give away latest model $550 Overland Touring Car, fully equipped, freight and war tax paid, also many other fine prizes and cash awards Don't envy [illegible] you can ride in your own new ca[illegible] change for a little pleasant effort No experience or hard work necessary. Our p[illegible] so liberal and easy that former winners were surprised they won. Use for profit your spare time that would other[illegible]
Find the Faces
In Puzzle Picture Below
In the scenery around the automobile are six partly hidden faces. If you can find four of them, mark them with a cross (X) and send this advertisement to us as directed below For doing this we will credit you with 2,000 Votes free toward winning the Overland Automobile, and in addition you will receive a beau[illegible]
Everyone Gets a Prize
To share in this big Prize Offering all you need to do is to help make known our three popular papers in your neighborhood [illegible] the subscriptions you send us. You do not invest a single dollar—you have absolutely nothing to lose. This is the fairest campaign of the kind ever conducted.
Send Your Answer To Puzzle Quick
[illegible] your answer TODAY
AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 0-4
W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO

The Voice on the Wire

(Continued From Page 9)

spots of light that slowly melted away into utter blackness. But, as unconsciousness closed in on me, I caught a final glimpse of a face, illuminated by the cluster light on the sidewalk—a leering, yellow face with almond-shaped eyes and a long, livid scar covering its right cheek.

CHAPTER III.

TRICKED.

WHEN I regained consciousness, I found myself with a throbbing head, lying on the floor of the vestibule where I had fallen. But the traveling bag was gone!

By slow degrees I rose to my feet. Immediately, I felt for my watch—an instrument that had cost me $100, several months before. To my surprise and gratification, I found it ticking away in my vest pocket. Obviously, then, the scar-faced Chinaman who had struck me down had done so with the object of securing the satchel only, and not for any motive of ordinary robbery.

There were two courses open to me—that was quite plain. On the one hand, I could ring the bell which would summon the Rev. Duncan Craig to the front door, go into a long detailed explanation to him as to what had happened to me—and particularly to his traveling bag, and then notify the police.

On the other hand, I could make my way quickly over to Clark street, board an owl car, and reach Chicago avenue police station inside of seven minutes; here I could give an alarm that would be transmitted by the switchboard operator to every patrolman on the north side.

This latter course I decided to pursue, for I knew that I could return later and explain the whole affair to the Rev. Duncan Craig at my leisure. And in following this line of action, I would have the satisfaction of knowing that there was a chance that this Chinese thug would be picked up by some night-shift policeman who had been warned to watch out for a man of such a striking description.

Again I glanced at my watch. Its hands showed the time to be a quarter past one. I must have lain stunned for five or six minutes. From the severe ache at the back of my head, and the tenderness of the scalp at that point, I knew that I had suffered a terrific blow. But from the fact that my scalp was not bleeding in any way, I realized that the instrument which had been employed must have been an ordinary leather "black jack."

So, with a quick glance back at the house, I ran down the front steps and along the drive. Within thirty seconds I had rounded the corner and was hurrying west toward Clark street, I was just in time, it seemed, for as I reached Clark street, an owl car drew up to the crossing and I climbed on board.

In just about seven minutes, as I had calculated, I dismounted at Chicago avenue and marched into the police station. In the office I found a sleepy desk-sergeant nodding over a newspaper and a pair of plainclothes men sitting on a bench close by trying in vain to keep awake.

My entrance, however, caused enough of a stir to banish drowsiness from their faces—for a while at least.

"Sergeant," I said, "I've been robbed—ten minutes ago."

"Ticker and bank-roll, I 'spose," he replied, reaching across his desk for a pad of blank forms.. "How'd it happen? What sort of a guy held you up?"

"No, my 'ticker,' as you call it, wasn't touched and I didn't happen to have my money with me at the time. All that this fellow took was a satchel—which satchel, I should like to state, belonged to some-one else."

"I don't quite get you," he returned. "Give me the details. Where'd it happen?"

"That's easy," I said. "Here they are. My name is James Calthorpe. I'm a traveling salesman for Roger Pelton, the candy manufacturer. I struck town tonight and, on account of riding home in the same seat with a clergyman, I accidentally got his hand satchel and left my own when I dismounted. A Chinaman with a long ugly scar on one of his cheeks, followed me from the car and asked me for a match just as I turned in at the Essex, where I board when I'm in Chicago.

"At 1 o'clock this morning, the Rev. Duncan Craig, of 1820 Lake Shore drive, called me up by phone and told me he had found my card in the satchel that was in his possession. He asked me to bring it to his home at once and offered to compensate me for my trouble. So I dressed and hurried over to 1820 Lake Shore drive. Perhaps this Chinaman, lurking near the Essex when I left there, hurried on in advance of me to the Rev. Duncan Craig's residence and secreted himself in the doorway to wait for me.

"On the other hand, he may have been leaving there himself when he saw me walk up the steps. At any rate, the moment I started to grope around in the vestibule for a push button, the whole house apparently tumbled on my head and I commenced falling thru interplanetary space at the rate of a million miles per second. But, sergeant, just as I slid out of the solar system into the great void—I glimpsed the face of the same Chink that had followed me from the car earlier in the night. Anyway, here I am—satchelless—but not bumpless."

Ruefully, I felt the back of my head which was beginning to show an appreciable swelling.

The sergeant was visibly interested. So, too, were the plainclothes men who now stood near me with their mouths agape.

"Well that's the dangdest thing I ever heard," he commented. "What was in this satchel—you haven't told us that?"

For about three seconds I reflected. It would hardly be fair on my part, I thought, to drag the Rev. Duncan Craig into a police case without his own permission. And then, too, I could not very well divulge the contents of the black valise without his knowing later on that I had equivocated—or even told an out and out falsehood—over the phone. So, since I had, figuratively speaking, put my foot in it already, I held fast to my original statement.

"Well you see, sergeant, I was so busy when I reached Chicago tonight, that I decided to postpone my unpacking till tomorrow. The valise was large enough, at any rate, to hold a million in bank notes—or a gold brick—or a dozen clean collars."

"Certainly is strange," he argued. He paused, thinking. "Hennesy, you beat it down to 1820 Lake Shore drive with Mr. Calthorpe here—and interview the Rev. Duncan Craig. Find out, if you can, what was in that satchel. Get all the points. Maybe it contained hop; perhaps the Chink was a hop-head. Still, tho, ministers don't carry opium around with them. And while you're gone I'll order the switchboard man to tip every copper that rings in from now on to watch out for a scar-faced Chink with a black valise."

Hennesy and I hurried from the station. The owl cars on Clark street run only at intervals of a half hour, so we decided we could make as quick time by walking to 1820 Lake Shore drive as we could by standing and waiting for a car.

It was ten minutes of two in the morning when we reached the steps of the Rev. Duncan Craig's residence. Up we went immediately—but I took especial pains to allow Hennesy to lead the way. One brush with one Chinaman in one night was sufficient for me. In my condition of mind at that moment, I felt that there might possibly be a whole crew of them besieging the house of the Rev. Duncan Craig.

But this time the vestibule proved to be quite empty. Hennesy found the electric button in short order and gave it an energetic push. From where we stood, we could hear a bell ring. But no one came to the door. Suddenly Hennesy ejaculated:

"Eh—what's this?"

He drew from his pocket an electric flash lamp and projected a beam of light on the wall at the side of the door. A white card fastened there read:

This Unfurnished House For Rent.
Owner in Europe.
See Agents: Harrigan & Smith
Masonic Temple.

"Humph," he grunted, "there ain't no such a person as th' Riverind Duncan Craig. They hung wan ahn ye, friend, they hung wan ahn ye!"

CHAPTER IV.

DORIS AND ROGER PELTON.

WHEN I discovered that my little adventure had petered out, so to speak, leaving me with nothing but a bump on the back of my head and something new in the line of experience, I did what any sensible person would have done under the circumstances. I returned to the Essex, put witch hazel on the bump, and tumbled into bed. I must have been sadly in need of sleep for when I awoke the next day and commenced pondering over the strange dreamlike happening of the night before, I found it was close upon noon.

It was almost too late in the day to bother about going down to the offices of Roger Pelton, so I spent the early part of the afternoon in unpacking my trunk, which had arrived while I was dressing. I was perfectly aware of the fact that I would see old Roger Pelton himself that evening when I should call on Doris, and that I could tell him briefly in his own home as well as in his office, about my successful month of rounding up orders.

So, at 8 o'clock, I was on my way over to Roger Pelton's home, a few blocks beyond the northern edge of Lincoln Park. When I rang the bell, no maid answered the door. It was opened by no less a person than Doris herself, who marched out on the front stoop, looked up and down the street to see whether it was deserted, flung her arms about my neck, and gave me a kiss squarely on the tip of my chin—which was as high up as she could reach.

"Well, Jimmie," she pouted, "you're several minutes late. I should think that after not seeing me for a whole, long month, you'd get here before 8:15 instead of after."

For a brief moment I held her off at arm's length enjoying to its full extent the luxury of feasting my eyes on her yellow hair and her blue eyes after a long month's absence. And as I stood there, I wondered vaguely how I could ever adjust myself to life again, if something should come between us—something that should prevent our marriage. Then since there was no one in sight on the street, I kissed her squarely—as a pretty girl should be kissed—not on the point of the chin—but about two inches above that point.

"Hurry on in, Jimmie," she demanded. "Father will be in the parlor inside of one or two minutes—and he'll want to know all about your luck on the road, the customers, their statements about business, the rates—and all the rest of the details. Then I'll have to sit back by myself in the corner and wait till you two have discussed it all. After that, he'll go—and we'll have the rest of the evening to ourselves—if there's any evening left. So, Jimmie, get it over with. Try to remember that going to see your sweetheart isn't a business matter—ever."

By this time we had reached the parlor and I was settling myself in the big leather rocker which I always occupied when I called on Doris. Presently I heard Roger Pelton's voice coming from the direction of the library.

"'Lo there, Jim," he called "I'll be in in a minute."

Soon he appeared in the doorway and held out his hand toward me. For some indefinable cause, known not even to myself, I had never been overly fond of Roger Pelton. He was my employer, of course, and for that reason, if no other, I treated him with deference and respect. But there was something about either his appearance—which was merely that of a slightly gray haired man of 45 or 50—or his manner that seemed to repel any feeling of warm friendship for him that I might otherwise have entertained. And there was really no excuse for such a mental attitude on my part, since Roger Pelton had not only advanced me rapidly in his candy business, but had, in addition, shown every sign of willingness toward accepting me for a son-in-law. Tonight, tho, it seemed to me that he looked a trifle careworn, worried, perhaps.

"Well, Jim, how did you find business on the road? Pretty good, I imagine, according to the orders you sent in, eh?"

"Had a bully month," I replied. "Every one seems to be developing a sweet tooth, this year. Got in last night at 6 o'clock and——"

"Yes, Jimmie," interrupted Doris, "give an account of yourself. What have you been doing ever since then?"

"Well," I explained, "I had the darndest adventure you ever heard of. When I first awoke this morning, I actually thought it was a dream. I'll tell both of you the circumstances—but the explanation you'll have to construct for yourselves."

"Forge ahead, Jim," urged Roger Pelton.

"Yes, do. Tell us quick," demanded Doris. "I'm beginning to be consumed with curiosity already."

"Well, it was this way," I commenced. "When I boarded the Clark street car last night in the Loop, I chucked my black valise under the seat. And when I got up at Burton Place to leave the car, I didn't take much trouble to note what I was doing, for I reached under

Regain the Vital Force of Youth

A Simple Home Treatment, More [illegible] able Than Gland Treatments or Bark and Animal Extracts.

Nature's greatest gift to mankind is Korex Compound, for the rejuvenation of flagging vital force. If you aspire to restored vital nervous energy, to the glorious vigor of the days of youth, try Korex in the privacy of your own home. Gratifying results are known, usually in a few days.

Korex Compound (in tablet form) is the result of many years of scientific research. It contains no harmful drugs or opiates. It acts naturally to rebuild the vital forces in man or woman, to revive the power of youthful vigor and stamina. More widely acclaimed than Gland Treatments or bark and animal extracts. It has a powerful action in strengthening and renewing nerve tissues, and to overcome the handicap of physical weakness, resulting from breaking nature's laws.

Korex is distributed and guaranteed only by the Melton Laboratories, Dept. 211 Massachusetts Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. A full treatment of this wonder invigorator sent prepaid for only $3.00. Or, if more convenient, send no money; pay the postman $3.00 and a few cents postage when it arrives. The laboratories guarantee to return your money promptly if results are not entirely satisfactory. Cut or tear out this ad now, and send order today.

$13.45 3 Piece MADE TO ORDER SUIT

SAVE

To prove our unbeatable values [illegible] get your [illegible] suit consisting of coat, pants [illegible] to your measure for only $13.45 [illegible] shown in the picture or any one of [illegible] combinations [illegible] fact guaranteed or every penny back.

NO EXTRA CHARGES

You pay just what we say, not one penny of extras for anything. [illegible] the war.

Earn $60 Cash Weekly

You can take orders easy for these [illegible] spare time [illegible] home [illegible] Young Fred [illegible] made $173 in seventeen days. SEND NO CASH

FREE — BIG SAMPLES New samples show latest styles and 60 real cloth samples. Buy at inside Wholesale prices. Write now for Big Free Outfit.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO.
Wholesale Tailors Dept. H-310 Chicago

SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES

Send No Money!

Cut your tire bill. BUY STANDARD make Tires such as [illegible] Goodrich, Firestone and other [illegible] on the dollar. They are in first class condition and may readily be guaranteed for 6,000 Miles. These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires

Our Low Prices:

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
[illegible]	$4.75	$1.10	[illegible]	$7.95	$2.25
[illegible]	4.85	1.30	[illegible]	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	[illegible]	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	[illegible]	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	[illegible]	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	[illegible]	9.65	2.80
[illegible]	7.70	2.15	[illegible]	9.85	2.90

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense. [illegible] order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once. Immediate shipment.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3278 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

Send No Money for these AUTOMATICS

$10.75

$25 MILITARY [illegible]
A man's gun, built for hard service. 32 cal. Shoots 10 quick shots hard and straight. Blue steel safety [illegible] Reg. value $[illegible] NOW [illegible] $10.75

Also .25 cal., 7-shot, small, accurate, reliable, safety, blue steel, checkered grips. No. 100, value $22, NOW.............. $8.75

All our guns shoot Standard American Ammunition. All guns guaranteed new.

Order one of these specials now. Limited supply. [illegible] money order, or if you prefer SEND NO MONEY. Pay Postman on arrival plus postage. Examine [illegible] and if not as represented just return it and get your MONEY BACK.

REPUBLIC TRADING CO.
150 NASSAU ST., DEPT. 94, NEW YORK

Base Ball Suit Given

BOYS! Here is your chance to get a real Base Ball Suit, consisting of cap, shirt, belt and pants absolutely Free. Each piece is [illegible] made of good material on the same order as a regular Base Ball Suit and great care is taken to see that they are made to fit. You will be the proudest boy in your neighborhood with such a suit as this. Just think of the fine times you can have playing ball in this real Base Ball Suit.

I will give you this suit free and also tell you how to get a good [illegible] so you will have a complete outfit.

Send No Money. Just your name and address and I will tell you how you can get this dandy Ball Suit. Be the first in your neighborhood. Write today.

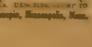
BASE BALL CO.,
[illegible] KANSAS CITY MO

STOP SNEEZING! WHEEZING!

DO IT with ATLAS

It hits the spot and relieves all ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS or HAY FEVER—no longer any sneezing, wheezing, coughing, choking spells or gasping for breath—no more restless, sleepless nights—you feel better from the first dose. Marvelous results in hopeless chronic cases. Free Trial of genuine ATLAS Treatment to everyone suffering with ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS or HAY FEVER. Tell your friends. Write today giving name, address, age and description of condition.

ATLAS MEDIC CO., 1533 BYERS BLDG., BUFFALO, N. Y.



"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS

[illegible] AGENTS WANTED who wear [illegible] FREE [illegible] DESCRIBE [illegible]

WORMAN CO., 252-B Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn.

the seat, grabbed, and got—a valise.

"I jumped off the car and hurried toward Dearborn avenue. Strange to relate, a man on the car who had been eying me rather closely all the way, followed me clear to the steps of the Essex and stopped me long enough to get a match with which he looked me over carefully after it was lighted. But I reached my room with no further delay and finally found an old key that would unlock the blame satchel—for no doubt you've already surmised that I had taken some one else's valise by mistake."

"But here," I continued, "is the funny thing about the adventure—and let me advise you now that you've heard only the first part of it. The man that followed me was a Chinaman——"

"A Chinaman?" echoed Roger Pelton and Doris together.

"Yes," I asserted, watching the expression of wonderment on Doris' face, "and the valise contained a trepanned skull—which you understand——"

But Doris had risen suddenly to her feet. She was staring at her father.

"Quick, Jimmie," she cried, "a glass of water. Father has fainted!"

CHAPTER V.

JOHN BARR.

I HAVE never been able to boast of having many close friends, the reason being, very likely, that from the time I was left alone in the world at the age of 16, I've been too busy earning my living to cultivate them. But, like every well established rule, my condition of relative friendliness had its exception.

That exceptión was John Barr.

For five years we had been as chums—nay, brothers almost. And this, mind you, in spite of the fact that he was old enough, nearly, to be my father. My age was 27, his forty-six. Like myself, he was a bachelor. While my condition of bachelorhood, however, appeared to be one that was soon to be removed, his, on the contrary, seemed to be established for life—a part of his very nature.

In appearance he was a big, broad-shouldered man, with a face which was by no means devoid of the charm that seems to appeal to womankind. As for his tastes, they seemed to be identical with mine in books, theaters, sports, and everything else. He was employed by a firm of accountants down in the Loop, and, altho he earned a very appreciable income, he lived the most quiet of lives.

The circumstances under which we met were unusual, to say the least. Five years before, I had started in the employ of Roger Pelton. Within a few months I found myself placed in a position where I was handling considerable money, on account of the fact that my work consisted of collecting the accounts of the retail candy stores of Chicago's great West Side. Six months later, I awoke to the realization that I was going the way of a good many youths who handled money which is not their own—I was playing the races thru the Chicago poolrooms.

Fortunately, I saw where it was leading to, caught myself up—and stopped. But when I did so, I found that I was exactly five hundred and sixty dollars short on my collection money. My first wild plan was to go to a money lender and attempt to borrow the money on my salary, before my deficiency should be found out. But calmer reflection showed me that I could never borrow any such sum as five hundred and sixty dollars on the security offered by my meagre income.

In despair, I placed a blind advertisement in a Chicago newspaper, stating that I was a young man in financial straits who wished to borrow a considerable sum of money on my salary. Among the many answers I received, most of which were obviously sent by loan sharks, was one signed "John Barr," asking me to call at his room on East Superior street near the lake. I did so. I found him such a pleasant—and at the same time, sympathetic—individual that, before I knew it, I broke down and told him my whole story. The result was that he financed me thru my crisis—loaned me the money with no security but my note—which note I was a year and a half in redeeming.

A year afterward, I fell sick with typhoid fever. Again John Barr—to my rescue with money for hospital bills, doctors, nurses, medicine, and what not. But he provided far more than the mere details of medical attention, for many were the dreary hours I would have spent had it not been for John Barr sitting at my bedside, reading to me, talking to me, or else cheering me along thru my convalescence.

So much for the friendship existing between John Barr and myself. It has lasted all these years—and I have no doubt whatever but that it will endure until one or the other of us passes into the great hereafter.

AFTER I left Doris' home, puzzled beyond all description at the sudden illness which had overtaken her father, I at once made my way over to East Superior street and the lake. My coming must have been expected, for, when the servant girl opened the door, she stepped back with the remark:

"Go right up to Mr. Barr's room, Mr. Calthorpe. He was a-sayin' that he was a-expectin' of you t' call t'night."

As I had anticipated, he was waiting for me in the doorway when I reached the top of the stairway. "Come in, James Chester Calthorpe," he said cheerily, "and tell your obedient servant all about your last trip. How many tons of chocolates did you sell, this voyage? I dropped in on you last night but you were out, so I got tired of waiting and came back home. Did you know I had been there?"

"As to the last question—yes," I answered. "As to the first question—I sold all sorts of candy, John, from all-day-suckers up to French Fruit. But I'm not here to talk about that. I've come up to see you—to ask your wise opinion on a little adventure that I've had."

"Fire away," was his reply.

So I leaned back in his arm-chair and told him the whole tale from beginning to end, not forgetting to show him the slip of paper which I had copied from the inscription that was scratched on the metal plate of the skull. This done, I allowed him to feel gently the bump on the back of my head. When I finished he spoke:

"Well, that's a regular Arabian Nights' story, Jimmie. At first thought, I imagined you were spinning a tall yarn—that somewhere I was supposed to bite. But that bump on your head shows that you got a nasty crack, all right. However, you say you want my wise opinion. In that case, comments are valueless. Now you stated, didn't you, that your employer, Roger Pelton, the father of this girl you told me you were going to marry, fainted dead away when you got to the point in your story where you opened the valise?"

I nodded corroboration.

"Well, Jimmie, truly it's beyond me. I'm inclined to doubt, tho, whether the father of this girl—Doris, I believe you called her—is likely to have anything to say when he recovers his composure by a night's rest in bed. And that Chinaman! Phew! That's a poser for fair. However, if I were you I should do as follows:

"I'd call on my family doctor tomorrow. I'd casually ask him what connection the phrase 'PRIOR—82—9—17—96' could have with a skull that showed evidences of having once been operated on. That's the only advice I can give. It may provide you with a clew. If it does—take a little time and run it down yourself. But if it doesn't, put more witch-hazel on your hump and call it all a bad dream—a nightmare would be better."

I glanced at my watch. The hour was late. So I rose.

"I'll certainly do that, John," I declared. "I really never thought of that. I wouldn't be surprised if I should fall in line with a clew, just as you suggest. And now I'm going home and climb into bed."

"And come see me again, old boy, and stay longer. Let me know how this all comes out. I'm interested beyond all description. But, above all, don't forget to drop in. You know," he went on with a rather bitter note in his voice, "you'll be marrying this Doris before long—and then—I suppose one more friend will pass out of my crabbed old life."

"Bunk," I said, and placed my hand on his shoulder. "You and Doris are the only two people in the world that count one—two—three with me. When she and I are married, our home is always going to be open to one, John Barr. Why man, on the day I introduce the two of you, I know you'll think each other is hunky-dory—O. K.—A Number One—and everything else that expresses the superlative of 'all right'!"

With this, I marched down the stairs, went back to my solitary room, put witchhazel on my bump, and went to bed.

In the morning, the maid brought a dainty little letter up to my room while I was dressing. A sudden chill of apprehension passed over me when I saw by the handwriting that it was from Doris. I opened it hurriedly. She had written:

> Jimmie Dearest:
>
> Our marriage is all off. Father has aged ten years in a few hours—and refuses to let me know what has gone wrong. But one thing he does say—and that is this: That my marriage to you is now hopelessly barred—that I must give up all thoughts of it forever—that it can never be. Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, what can be wrong? Come to see me tonight, dear. For, if I cannot marry you with father's permission, I cannot marry you at all. DORIS.

I crumpled up the letter and stared out the window at the clouds that were floating by. But I did not see them; in fact, I saw nothing. My dream castle had tumbled to pieces in a single night!

CHAPTER VI.

FINDING A LOSING CLEW.

THE first thing I did after collecting my wits sufficiently together to finish dressing, was to place Doris' letter in my pocket and march downstairs to the telephone. I now had no intention of going to work, my sole desire being to run down this skull mystery even if it should take me six months. One thing was certain—I couldn't stand by and lose Doris without a struggle of some kind.

The first number I called was that of the factory. I asked for the head bookkeeper and when he reached the phone, I said.

"This is Calthorpe talking. Got in night before last. Put me on the old man's wire."

"'Lo, Calthorpe," he replied. "Sorry, tho, but the old man's daughter phoned in this morning to say that he was ill and couldn't be down to the office today."

I replaced the receiver on the hook and thumbed over the telephone directory which hung on the wall by the telephone. Without any difficulty I found the name of the physician who had attended me thru my severe case of typhoid fever several years before—the same case in which John Barr had proven to be a friend in need. Shortly, I had him on the wire.

"Say, Doc," I began, "you've probably forgotten who I am by this time. This is Jimmie Calthorpe—the young fellow whom you carried thru a bad siege of typhoid fever at the Mercy Hospital several years ago."

"Sure," he returned, "I remember you. Some big fellow—friend of your's by name of Carr or Barr or something—used to hound me day and night when you were at the crisis—trying to find out how your chances stood on pulling thru. What can I do for you today? Under the weather?"

"No, Doc, I'm feeling fine. I just wanted to ask you a question. Picture in your mind's eye a skull from which a piece of bone had once been removed and a silver plate inserted——"

"You mean," he interrupted, "a case of trepanning—or trephining—as some call it?"

"Exactly. Now what connection with such a thing would the word 'PRIOR' have?"

"Mm," he said. "All the connection in the world. Dr. Horace Prior of Chicago is acknowledged to be the highest authority in the United States on operations of the brain. He's established changes in the technique which have revolutionized craniectomy, trepanning, and so forth. Does that answer your question?"

"You bet it does," I replied. "Could a common layman see this Dr. Prior if he were willing to pay for the privilege?"

"Don't have to pay. Prior lives in a little vine-covered cottage out in Hyde Park. Most unassuming man in the world. He's nearly 70 years old and doesn't practice any more."

"Thanks, Doc," I said. "Your information has thrown some light on a peculiar subject for me. Some day I may come in and tell you about it. And one more thing—if I owe you anything for your time this morning, just send the bill to Calthorpe, at the Essex, and it'll be paid. Good-by."

I left the house, ate a hearty breakfast at a neighboring restaurant, and then made my way into a drug store. Here I secured a copy of the city directory in which I found without any difficulty the name and address I was searching for: "Horace Prior, Physician and Surgeon, res. 5323 Greenwood ave." With this information in my possession, I boarded a thru route car and remained on it until it reached Fifty-Fifth street and Greenwood avenue, an hour later. I dismounted and walked southward. Inside of a minute I stood before a tiny vine-covered cottage which bore the number "5323" laid out in oyster shells on the front lawn.

In a large flower garden at the side of the house, a man of about 70 years of age, and with snow white locks, was digging. Noticing that I was standing in apparent indecision at the front gate, he came forward, trowel in hand, and looked inquiringly in my direction.

"I am looking for Dr. Horace Prior," I ventured.

"I am Dr. Prior," he said simply.

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Son, Daughter, Brother or Sister? If so, write us to-day to send you FREE the Allen's Foot-Ease Walking Doll. One Druggist writes: "These Foot-Ease Walking Dolls are a Scream. Many people here are using them at banquets and festivals as table decorations, one doll to a cover. Send us another supply." The Allen's Foot-Ease Walking Doll, advertising Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tender, smarting, swollen feet, is the cleverest novelty of the season. Drop a Postal to Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y., and get a Doll FREE.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, [illegible] blemish or [illegible] leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face [illegible] preserving it [illegible] wrinkles and extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send [illegible] cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

Special Cut Price Offer

25 Calibre Regulation Blue Steel AUTOMATIC REVOLVERS Reduced to $7.95

Regular Price $22.50

Most sensational cut price sale ever made. We are making this sacrifice because we are closing out the pistol department and have only a limited quantity on hand. Take advantage of this offer while our stock lasts. Save yourself the difference.

Every revolver guaranteed perfectly new and dependable. They are made of handsome blue steel, gunmetal finish, accurate aim, perfect grip, safety lever to prevent accidents, small, compact, does not bulge in pocket. Shoots the Standard Automatic Cartridges.

32 calibre Automatic Revolver Regular price $25.00 .. .. $8.85

OTHER SPECIALS Military model automatic, just like one used "over there." 32 calibre, 10 shot, extra magazine free, reduced to.... .. .. $10.45

"Peerless" safety hammerless Revolvers, AUTO. ejector, nickel or blue, 38 cal... $11.95

Top Break Auto. Ejecting Double Action Revolvers. Nickel or Blue. 38 Cal. $8.45. 32 Cal. $7.45

Send No Money

Order one of these revolvers now. Don't put it off. Protect yourself and your home. Our prices are the lowest, and the revolver one of the best there is in the market. Pay postman plus postage on arrival. Money back if not satisfied.

INTERNATIONAL COMM. HOUSE, Dept. P-63
210 Second Avenue - - - New York, N. Y.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING

Change Your Luck

The famous Kosmos Lucky Ring is a thing of beauty; it's odd, it's attractive. Made of solid Gold and Silver, set with Sparkling Garnet. It's the symbol of good luck in business, love or anything. Send your ring measure (strip of paper around finger) and we will send you this wonderful Ring. When it comes pay this special price of $3.97. Wear it seven days and follow the seven rules which come with it. If not fully satisfied, your money back. Be in luck—order now!

KOSMOS CO., Dept. 102, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

$1.77

GUARANTEED WATCH

AGENTS WANTED to advertise our business and introduce our bargain price [illegible] Watches. We will send this elegant guaranteed watch as a sample by parcel post C. O. D. $1.77 ONLY. Nickel plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Pay your postman $1.77 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BOSTON JEWELRY CO. 39 W. Adams St. A12, Chicago

30 DAY TRIAL

FINE STROP FREE

STERLING razors are hand forged from special cutlery steel, hollow ground, tempered and finished by experts. Thousands used by barbers and self shavers. We will send you a STERLING on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.67. If not, costs nothing. Barber's double swing horsehide strop FREE with each razor. Write today.

Sterling Company, Dept. 104, Baltimore, Md.

SAY!! Thousands have, why don't YOU improve your financial condition? Operate a KINGERY Popcorn Popper, Peanut Roaster or Popcorn Fritter Outfit. 70 cents profit on every dollar. Many styles and sizes. Popping 40 quarts to 12 bushels per hour. Roasting 12 quarts to 5 bushels. Prices $40 to $1550. Liberal terms. Catalog free. KINGERY MFG. CO. Est. 1881. Dept. B. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

[illegible]

BIG MONEY SAVINGS FOR YOU

$40

Used and rebuilt motorcycles single and twins. [illegible] Used bicycles, $5 [illegible] tandems; [illegible] All machines guaranteed in good working order. New bicycles and motorcycles at factory prices. You save dealers' profits. Bicycle and automobile tires too, $3.00. Complete line of parts and sundries. Send for catalog. [illegible] Cycle Co., Rochester, N.Y.

[illegible] YOU 25 TO 50 DOLLARS

America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
129 West 24th Street, New York

CURES PILES OR COSTS NOTHING

Any reader who suffers from Piles—no matter how long standing—can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of W. R. Darlington, 602 Kure Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Darlington and he will send you a regular 10-day Treatment absolutely free. If it cures send $2.00. Otherwise you owe nothing.

RADIUM FOR RHEUMATISM

A wonderful new discovery that penetrates deep to the source of pain. Send postcard for physician's double strength sample absolutely FREE.
Radium Laboratories, 25 W. 15 St. N.Y. Dept B2

DROPSY TREATMENT. Gives quick relief. Soon removes swelling and short breath. Never heard of its equal for dropsy. Try it. Trial treatment sent FREE, by mail.
Write to DR. THOMAS E. GREEN
[illegible] Bldg., Box 20, CHATSWORTH, GA.

"I should like to have a few words with you, doctor, on a matter pertaining to a skull."

"Just follow me," he directed, "to my office inside. There we can talk undisturbed."

HE LED the way into the house. In the front hall we passed a sweet old lady who was coming out on the porch with her knitting. He threw open the door of a room. When I entered, I saw that it was equipped similarly to all doctors' offices—with bookcase, collapsible table, glass stand, desk, chemical apparatus, and, of course, a case of glittering surgical instruments.

"Now," he asked, when we had seated ourselves, "what can I do for you?"

"Doctor Prior," I said, "I've come to you in order to get some information on a matter which is very vital to me. But, before going into it, I want to make sure that I'm consulting the right person. You are the Doctor Prior who has made a specialty of brain operations?"

"Following about ten years of general practice," he replied, "I devoted thirty years of my life to the specialty you mention. Four years ago I retired in order that younger and steadier hands might go on with that work which is of such a delicate nature."

I searched in my pocket and found the slip of paper which read:

PRIOR
82
9-17-96.

This I handed to him.

"Doctor Prior," I said, "some few days ago I happened, thru several peculiar circumstances, to see a skull carrying a silver plate on which the above words and figures were scratched. It seems to be connected in some way or other with a girl that I love—and her father—for on account of my having been mixed up with this thing, she cannot marry me. More than these facts I can't give you in the hope that you would explain to me what that inscription means."

He gave only a brief glance at the slip of paper. For a moment he studied my face intently. Finally he spoke.

"Life is a queer thing. People and objects are bound together in all sorts of odd relationships. I can see that you are worried—and that you don't care to go into the matter. But I'm sure I don't want to see a young fellow like yourself lose the one girl in the world for him—especially if any information that I could give him would help him out."

He leaned back in his swivel chair and continued:

"This paper you have handed me is a copy of a trepan plate that I once inserted in some one's skull during my thirty years of practice along those lines. The word 'PRIOR' is, of course my own name; the number '82' is the number of the operation according to my own records; the figures '9-17-96' stand for the date of the operation, the seventeenth of September, 1896. I might add that I was the first surgeon to adopt the practice of inscribing this date on metal trepan plates. I did this for the following reason: If any of the skulls on which I had operated should be found fifty or a hundred years later, their condition—that is, the tightness of the plate, evidences of necrosis around the edge of the trepan opening and so forth—could be ascertained. Then, by a comparison with the surgeon's original records which can be obtained in any well-equipped medical library, certain of the advantages and disadvantages of any particular variation of technique in an operation, could be studied."

He crossed the room to his bookcase. From it he removed a book, which, from where I sat, I could see was marked "Operative Records." Then, allowing it to rest open on his knee, he alternately consulted it and continued with his explanation.

"I find that Operation 82 consisted of the removal of a piece of bone in order to relieve intra-cranial pressure resulting from intradural hemorrhage. My records tell me that the patient was named Philip Walmsly; that his age was 21. This history of the case, I find, was as follows:

"On account of a collision, he was thrown head foremost on September 14, 1896, from an old-fashioned high bicycle which he was riding. He was taken to the North Side Hospital at once. When I was called, I found him unconscious, very irritable, and in pain. There was ptosis of the left eye; the left pupil was dilated and stable. The right arm was partly paralyzed. His respiration was labored, his pulse, slow and irregular.

I at once made a diagnosis of intradural hemorrhage. On September 17, I resorted to the operation of craniectomy—that is—cerebral decompression. I had the scalp first shaved and washed. With the patient well wrapped in hot blankets, propped up to a sitting position to minimize the intracranial pressure, and under the influence of chloroform and a preliminary injection of morphine, I made the usual semi-lunar incision in the scalp.

"This done, I removed a disc of bone, using the Gigli process—that is, first boring the holes in the cranium, secondly passing a threaded probe thru the holes with the Gigli wire saw attached, and thirdly, cutting the bone away from within outwards. After drawing away the increases of cerebro-spinal fluid, caused by the irritation from the hemorrhage, I inserted the usual silver plate, immersed of course, in boric acid solution, and with the operative data inscribed on it according to my own custom. I then joined the scalp together at the semi-lunar incision.

"The following day the patient was conscious. He made a good convalescence, altho talking incessantly for the first week. A month later he was discharged. His later reports at the hospital showed that a slight irregularity in his sense of smell existed—beyond that, nothing. Not even a headache. My fee was paid by his brother, the Rev. Peter Walmsly of St. Anne's Church."

He closed the book and paused. "That's the whole case. Is it sufficient to help you out?"

As he talked, I had been busy with my fountain pen, taking notes on what he had told me.

"DOCTOR PRIOR," I said, "you've surely given me information that I never could have secured elsewhere. Parts of it, of course, were Greek to me. But the names of the patient, now dead, and the man who paid the fee, will serve my purpose. If you'll tell me what I owe you, I'll be glad to pay you for your time."

He raised a deprecatory hand. "Payment nothing," he answered. "But if you know who has this skull, I would be pleased if you could have it turned over in the interest of science to a colleague of mine whose name I can give you—a man who is writing a monograph on the comparative advantages of silver, gold, celluloid and rubber trepan plates. Will you do that?"

"Gladly," I assured him as I rose. "If I succeed in reaching the facts in my puzzle, and getting the skull into my possession, I'll communicate with you at once—and let you know the whole story as well."

When I left his house, I walked rapidly toward Fifty-Fifth street in order that I might find the thru car that would bring me back to the north side. At the corner, I purchased a copy of a Chicago morning paper from a newsboy. As I waited for my car, I opened it and glanced over the headlines. The first article that caught my eye was one which read:

SAFE OF MAN KILLED IN TRAIN ACCIDENT FOUND CRACKED.

PECULIAR DISCOVERY BY OFFICIALS OF THE C. & W. A.

Among the five people killed in the C. & W. A. train wreck hear Burlington, Iowa, yesterday morning, was one whose only identification consisted of an empty envelope bearing the inscription: "Rev. Peter Walmsly, Rectory, St. Anne's Church, Chicago." In the upper left hand corner of the envelope was the notice: "Return in 5 days to Milo Payne, Palmer House, Chicago."

The railroad officials investigated last night at the Rectory and finally succeeded in finding the scrub woman who came daily to clean up the Rev. Peter Walmsly's rooms. She was able to give the information that the Rev. Mr. Walmsly had left Monday night in response to an urgent telegram, in order to visit a sick sister residing in Burlington, Iowa.

But on opening up the Rectory, the library was found in utter confusion. The window glass had been neatly removed, evidently by the ball of putty and glass cutter method. Drawers had been opened and their contents strewn about the floor. The safe door had been blown out, the library rug having apparently been wrapped around it to deaden the sound of the explosion.

The only thing of value that could have been in the safe, according to the scrub woman's belief, was something which the Rev. Peter Walmsly had locked in there ten minutes before departing for Burlington—a black leather traveling bag. It was found opened in one corner of the room, filled only with collars, cuffs, brushes, and other toilet articles. In the waste basket was found the original telegram summoning the Rev. Mr. Walmsly out of town, and near the telephone were the ashes of a calling card which had been burned.

The police are inclined to put it down as an ordinary robbery.

CHAPTER VII.

A SHOCK.

THE moment I reached the end of that newspaper article, two things became plain to my fuddled mind.

First. That the clerical gentleman, alongside of whom I had sat on the night I rode home to the Essex, was no other person than this Rev. Peter Walmsly who had been killed in the railroad wreck near Burlington, Iowa. And Peter Walmsly, strange to relate, was the name of the man who had paid Dr. Prior's fee in the trepanning operation of twenty-five years before. His death, of course, prevented my following that clew any farther.

Second. That the traveling bag which had been found in his library near the opened safe was my own bag. And I strongly suspected, too, that the ashes of the card which was found near his telephone were those of the lone card that had been in my satchel. That slip of cardboard had borne my house address and the telephone number of the Essex.

As I waited for my car, trying in vain to piece together all these peculiar facts, I thanked my stars that that card had been burned, for, had it been found in the rooms of the Rev. Peter Walmsly, any explanations that I might have given to the police would have been looked upon with more or less suspicion by them.

But I was by no means at the end of the trail. The Rev. Peter Walmsly was dead—that avenue of search was closed. But an empty envelope had been found on his person after the train accident. That envelope carried, according to the newspaper article, a return notice, reading: "Return in 5 days to Milo Payne, Palmer House, Chicago." Milo Payne himself, then, was my last chance. If I could locate him, I could probably disentangle the whole affair—either thru my own efforts, or with his assistance. I could not help but feel that, if only the Rev. Peter Walmsly hadn't destroyed the letter which was in that envelope, the police would not have come to the conclusion that they had met with an ordinary robbery!

So I jumped on a Fifty-Fifth street crosstown car, transferred to South State street, and was soon on my way to Chi-

(Continued on Page 24.)

$3,000 Salesmen

Sell our made-to-measure suits—furnishing goods—shoes—hats—boys' clothing. Direct from factory to consumer. Prices 20% less than local stores. Everything guaranteed. Every man you know needs some goods in our line. Easy to sell. Profits large. No capital is required. You do not invest one penny. You have a complete retail clothing store in a sample case.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

We furnish you with complete outfit—we carry the stock—we deliver and collect. You get your profit when you make the sale. 1900 other men just like yourself are making $3,000 and more for full time. Spare time men $25 to $50 a week. Write for full particulars and our free booklet *"The Secret Memorandum Book."*

WRIGHT & CO., Dept. C410
Congress, Throop and Harrison Sts., Chicago

NEW CORD TIRES $10.65 TUBE FREE 30 x 3½

GUARANTEED 8000 MILES STRICTLY FIRSTS

Our Guarantee assures every customer full protection. You can't afford to overlook these wonderful quality tires at such low prices. Brand new—high grade—cords, guaranteed 8,000 miles and adjusted at list price on that guarantee

THESE PRICES INCLUDE NEW PURE GUM TUBE FREE

30 x 3	$ 8.85	33 x 4	$17.10	34 x 4½	$23.95
30 x 3½	10.65	34 x 4	18.60	35 x 4½	24.40
32 x 3½	13.35	32 x 4½	21.45	33 x 5	26.20
31 x 4	14.10	33 x 4½	22.60	35 x 5	26.90
32 x 4	15.95				

RUSH ORDERS! DON'T DELAY! No money in advance. Just write today to be sure of getting the sizes and number of tires you want. All tires shipped C. O. D. Pay after you have examined.

[illegible] TIRE CO., Dept. 307, 325 East 33rd Street, Chicago

WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH FREE

Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. The lightest, most durable and compact practical phonograph ever produced. It is beautifully finished, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, which plays 2 to 3 records at one winding, speed regulator, stop lever and felt covered turn table. New improved sound box with [illegible] diaphragm, which makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music—band pieces, talking pieces, instrumental, orchestra, vocal etc.

Plays Any Disc Record Up to 7 in and plays them properly. This machine is simply wonderful—not to be compared with any other of this kind. Will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong and durable. Small and compact with no parts to get out of order.

EVERY MACHINE REGULATED AND TESTED before it leaves the factory and guaranteed in every way. A real phonograph, not a toy, yet small and light enough to be carried to camps, excursions, etc. Gives a clearness and volume of tone not surpassed by most high-priced instruments.

FREE TO YOU—SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25 cents each. Send us the $6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine and the records in a few hours' time. Address

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., 8T31, CHICAGO

J. M. MILLER
80 Pounds

J. M. Miller, Ohio druggist, experimented on himself and discovered the home treatment known as

ADDILINE

Anyone with coughs, bronchitis or colds may use under plain directions. Send name and address to

Addiline, 543 Arcade, Columbus, Ohio

J. M. MILLER
Latest Photo

FREE

350 SHOT AIR RIFLE

Automatic Repeater, with lever action. Shoots 350 times without reloading. A powerful, accurate air rifle—guaranteed to give satisfaction. Beautiful walnut finished stock, nickel plated one-piece barrel and sides—31½ inches long. Send name and we will send you 12 art pictures to dispose of on special 25c offer. Remit the $3 you collect and we will send you this 350-shot Air Rifle. This is a wonderful offer.

C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $________. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name________________ St. or R.F.D.________________

Town________________ State________________

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 10)

Venters become Lassiter and Lassiter Venters."

"I'll—say no more," she faltered.

"Jane, Lassiter once called you blind," said Venters. "It must be true. But I won't upbraid you. Only don't rouse the devil in me by praying for Tull! I'll try to keep cool when I meet him. That's all. Now there's one more thing I want to ask you—the last. I've found a valley down in the Pass. It's a wonderful place. I intend to stay there. It's so hidden I believe no one can find it. There's good water, and browse, and game. I want to raise corn and stock. I need to take in supplies—will you give them to me?"

"Assuredly. The more you take the better you'll please me—and perhaps the less my—my enemies will get."

"Venters, I reckon you'll have trouble packin' anythin' away," put in Lassiter.

"I'll go to-night."

"Mebbe that wouldn't be best. You'd sure be stopped. You'd better go early in the mornin' say, just after dawn. That's the safest time to move round here."

"Lassiter, I'll be hard to stop," returned Venters, darkly.

"I reckon so."

"Bern," said Jane, "go first to the riders' quarters and get a complete outfit. You're a—a sight. Then help yourself to whatever else you need—burros, packs, grain, dried fruits and meat. You must take coffee and sugar and flour—all kinds of supplies. Don't forget corn and seeds. I remember how you used to starve. Please—please take all you can pack away from here. I'll make a bundle for you, which you mustn't open till you're in your valley. How I'd like to see it. To judge by you and Wrangle how wild it must be!"

Jane walked down into the outer court and approached the sorrel. Upstarting, he laid back his ears and eyed her.

"Wrangle—dear old Wrangle," she said, and put a caressing hand on his matted mane. "Oh, he's wild, but he knows me! Bern, can he run as fast as ever?"

"Run? Jane, he's done sixty miles since last night at dark, and I could make him kill Black Star right now in a ten-mile race."

"He never could," protested Jane. "He couldn't even if he was fresh."

"I reckon mebbe the best hoss'll prove himself yet," said Lassiter, "an', Jane, if it ever comes to that race I'd like you to be on Wrangle."

"I'd like that, too," rejoined Venteers. "But, Jane, maybe Lassiter's hint is extreme. Bad as your prospects are you'll surely never come to the running point."

"Who knows!" she replied, with mournful smile.

"No, no, Jane, it can't be so bad as all that. Soon as I see Tull there'll be a change in your fortunes. I'll hurry down to the village. . . . Now don't worry."

Jane retired to the seclusion of her room. Lassiter's subtle forecasting of disaster, Venters' forced optimism, neither remained in mind. Material loss weighed nothing in the balance with other losses she was sustaining. She wondered dully at her sitting there, hands folded listlessly, with a kind of numb deadness to the passing of time and the passing of her riches. She thought of Venters' friendship. She had not lost that, but she had lost him. Lassiter's friendship—that was more than love—it would endure, but soon he, too, would be gone.

Little Fay slept dreamlessly upon the bed, her golden curls streaming over the pillow. Jane had the child's worship. Would she lose that, too; and if she did, what then would be left? Conscience thundered that she should be grateful on her knees for this baptism of fire; that thru misfortune, sacrifice, and suffering her soul might be fused pure gold. But the old spontaneous, rapturous spirit no more exalted her. She wanted to be a woman—not a martyr. Like the saint of old who mortified his flesh, Jane Withersteen had in her the temper for heroic martyrdom, if by sacrificing herself she could save the souls of others. But here the damnable verdict blistered her that the more she sacrificed herself, the blacker grew the souls of her churchmen.

There was something terribly wrong with her soul, something terribly wrong with her churchmen and her religion. In the whirling gulf of her thought there was yet one shining light to guide her, to sustain her in her hope; and it was that, despite her errors and her frailties and her blindness, she had one absolute and unfaltering hold on ultimate and supreme justice. That was love. "Love your enemies as yourself!" was a divine word, entirely free from any church or creed.

Jane's meditations were disturbed by Lassiter's soft, tinkling step in the court. Always he wore the clinking spurs. Always he was in readiness to ride. She passed out, and called him into the huge, dim hall.

"I think you'll be safer here. The court is too open," she said.

"I reckon," replied Lassiter. "An' it's cooler here. The day's sure muggy. Well, I went down to the village with Venters."

"Already! Where is he?" queried Jane, in quick amaze.

"He's at the corrals. Blake's helpin' him get the burros an' packs ready. That Blake is a good fellow."

"Did—did Bern meet Tull?"

"I guess he did," answered Lassister, and he laughed dryly.

"Tell me! Oh, you exasperate me! You're so cool, so calm! For Heaven's sake, tell me what happened!"

"First time I've been in the village for weeks," went on Lassister, midly. "I reckon there ain't been more of a show for a long time. Me an' Venters walkin' down the road! It was funny. I ain't sayin' anybody was particular glad to see us. I'm not much though of hereabouts, an' Venters he sure looks like what you called him, a wild man.

"Well, there was some runnin' of folks before we got to the stores. Then everybody vamoosed except some surprised rustlers in front of a saloon. Venters went right in the stores an' saloons, an' of course I went along. I don't know which tickled me the most—the actions of many fellers we met, or Venters' nerve. Jane, I was downright glad to be along. You see that sort of thing is my element, an' I've been away from it for a spell. But we didn't find Tull in none of them places. Some Gentile feller at last told Venters he'd find Tull in that long buildin' next to Parsons' store. It's a kind of meetin'-room; and sure enough, when we peeped in, it was half full of [illegible]

"Venters yelled: 'Don't anybody pull guns! We ain't come for that!' Then he trampled in, an' I was some put to keep alongside him. There was a hard, scrapin' sound of feet, a loud cry, an' then some whisperin', an' after that stillness you could cut with a knife. Tull was there, an' that fat party who once tried to throw a gun on me, an' other important-lookin' men, an' that little frog-legged feller who was with Tull the day I rode in here. I wish you could have seen their faces, 'specially Tull's an' the fat party's. But there ain't no use of me tryin' to tell you how they looked.

"Well, Venters an' I stood there in the middle of the room, with that batch of men all in front of us, an' not a blamed one of them winked an eyelash or moved a finger. It was natural, of course, for me to notice many of them packed guns. That's a way of mine, first noticin' them things. Venters spoke up, an' his voice sort of chilled an' cut, an' he told Tull he had a few things to say."

HERE Lassiter paused while he turned his sombrero round and round, in his familiar habit, and his eyes had the look of a man seeing over again some thrilling spectacle, and under his red bronze there was strange animation.

"Like a shot, then, Venters told Tull that the friendship between you an' him was all over, an' he was leaving your place. He said you'd both of you broken off in the hope of propitiatin' your people, but you hadn't changed your mind otherwise, an' never would.

"Next he spoke up for you. I ain't goin' to tell you what he said. Only—no other woman who ever lived ever had such tribute! You had a champion, Jane, an' never fear that those thick-skulled men don't know you now. It couldn't be otherwise. He spoke the ringin', lightnin' truth. . . . Then he accused Tull of the underhand, miserable robbery of a helpless woman.

"He told Tull where the red herd was, of a deal made with Oldrin', that Jerry Card had made the deal. I thought Tull was goin' to drop, an' that little frog-legged cuss, he looked some limp an' white. But Venters' voice would have kept anybody's legs from bucklin'. I was stiff myself. He went on an' called Tull—called him every bad name ever known to a rider, an' then some. He cursed Tull.

"I never hear a man get such a cursin'. He laughed in scorn at the idea of Tull bein' a minister.

"He said Tull and a few more dogs of hell builded their empire out of the hearts of such innocent an' God-fearin' women as Jane Withersteen. He called Tull a blinder of women, a callous beast who hid behind a mock mantle of righteousness—an' the last an' lowest coward on the face of the earth. To prey on weak women thru their religion—that was the last unspeakable crime!

"Then he finished, an' by this time he'd almost lost his voice. But his whisper was enough. 'Tull,' he said, 'she begged me not to draw on you today. She would pray for you if you burned her at the stake. . . . But, listen! . . . I swear if you and I ever come face to face again, I'll kill you!'

"We backed out of the door then, an' up the road. But nobody follered us."

Jane found herself weeping passionately. She had not been conscious of it till Lassiter ended his story, and she experienced exquisite pain and relief in shedding tears. Long had her eyes been dry, her grief deep; long has her emotions been dumb. Lassiter's story put her on the rack; the appalling nature of Venter's act and speech had no parallel as an outrage; it was worse than bloodshed.

Men like Tull had been shot, but had one ever been so terribly denounced in public? Overmounting her horror, an uncontrollable, quivering passion shook her very soul. It was sheer human glory in the deed of a fearless man. It was hot, primitive instinct to live—to fight. It was a kind of mad joy in Venter's chivalry. It was close to the wrath that had first shaken her in the beginning of this war waged upon her.

"Well, well, Jane, don't take it that way," said Lassiter, in evident distress. "I had to tell you. There's some things a feller jest can't keep. It's strange you give up on hearin' that, when all this long time you've been the gamest woman I ever seen. But I don't know women. Mebbe there's reason for you to cry. I know this—nothin' ever rang in my soul an' so filled it as what Venters did. I'd like to have done it, but—I'm only good for throwin' a gun, an' it seems you hate that. . . . Well, I'll be goin' now."

"Where?"

Venters took Wrangle to the stable. The sorrel's shy a shoe, an' I've got to help hold the big devil an' put on another."

"Tell Bern to come for the pack I want to give him—and—and to say good-by," called Jane, as Lassiter went out.

Jane passed the rest of the day in a vain endeavor to decide what and what not to put in the pack for Venters. This task was the last she would ever perform for him, and the gifts were the last she would ever make him. So she picked and chose and rejected, and chose again, and often paused in sad reverie, and began again, till at length she filled the pack.

It was about sunset, and she and Fay had finished supper and were sitting in the court, when Venters' quick steps rang on the stones. She scarcely knew him, for he had changed the tattered garments, and she missed the dark beard and long hair. Still he was not the Venters of old. As he came up the steps she felt herself pointing to the pack, and heard herself speaking words that were meaningless to her. He said good-by; he kissed her, released her, and turned away. His tall figure blurred in her sight, grew dim thru dark, streaked vision, and then he vanished.

Twilight fell around Withersteen House, and dusk and night. Little Fay slept; but Jane lay with strained, aching eyes. She heard the wind moaning in the cottonwoods and mice squeaking in the walls. The night was interminably long, yet she prayed to hold back the dawn. What would another day bring forth? The blackness of her room seemed blacker for the sad, entering gray of morning light. She heard the chirp of awakening birds, and fancied she caught a faint clatter of hoofs. Then low, dull, distant, throbbed a heavy gunshot. She had expected it, was waiting for it; nevertheless, an electric shock checked her heart, froze the very living fiber of her bones. That viselike hold on her faculties apparently did not relax for a long time, and it was a voice under her window that released her.

"Jane! . . . Jane!" softly called Lassiter.

She answered somehow.

"It's all right. Venters got away. I

HIS HEARING RESTORED

The invisible ear drum invented by A. O. Leonard, which is a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of hundreds of people in New York city. Mr. Leonard invented this drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell he is a deaf man. It is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 Fifth ave., New York city, will be given a prompt reply.—Advt.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against furtherattacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Quick Bunion Relief

Try It Free

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 4 days' trial free and a full size $1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relieves you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied.

Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send name and address. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dept 223
CHICAGO

Thirty Running Sores

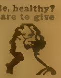
Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (60 cents) if Peterson's Ointment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

"I had 30 running sores on my leg for 11 years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grafting was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's Ointment."—Mrs F. E. Root, 287 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Be Slender

Want to become slender, agile, healthy? See the pictures; the shadows are to give you idea of size before reduction of weight. Eat all you need. Safe, reliable; no salts or calomel, no thyroid, no loss of time. Just use KOREIN tabules and follow the simple, easy directions as aid to reduce 10 to 60 pounds (whatever you need to) under money-refund guarantee. Amaze all. Become lighter, younger, attractive, add years to your life! Ask for KOREIN tabules (pronounced koreen) at any drug store. Or write for FREE BROCHURE to Korein Company, NK-473, Sta. X, New York.



Genuine Phonograph FREE

Plays the Standard 10-Inch Records

Victor, Columbia, Emerson, Brunswick, Okeh. You can play them all on this wonderful little phonograph. Many happy hours are in store for you and your friends—send for it today on our liberal free offer! Substantially made, with durable spring motor in handsome polished metal case, compact, light, easy to carry

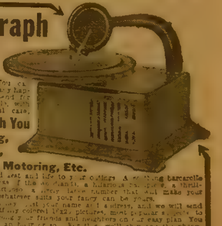
Take It With You

Camping, Picnics, Boating, Motoring, Etc.

It will add zest and life to your outings. A [illegible] barcarolle in the [illegible] of the [illegible], a hilarious [illegible], a thrilling [illegible], a [illegible] latest number that will make your toes tingle—whatever suits your fancy can be yours.

Send no money. Just your name and address, and we will send you 12 beautifully colored 16x20 pictures, most popular subjects, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can do this in an hour or so. For this, we'll ship you the phonograph absolutely Free and Postpaid. Send your name and address on a postal or by letter TODAY!

Phonograph Dept. 21A, W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 North Dearborn Street, - - Chicago, Illinois



thought mebbe you'd heard that shot, an' I worried some."

"What was it—who fired?"

"Well, some fool feller tried to stop Venters out there in the sage—an' he only stopped lead. I think it'll be all right. I haven't seen or heard of any other fellers around. Venters'll go thru safe. An', Jane, I've got Bells saddled, an' I'm goin' to trail Venters. Mind, I won't show myself unless he falls foul of somebody an' needs me. I want to see if this place where he's goin' is safe for him. He says nobody can track him there. I never seen the place yet I couldn't track a man to. Now, Jane, you stay indoors while I'm gone, an' keep close watch on Fay. Will you?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

"An' another thing, Jane," he continued, then paused for long—"another thing—if you ain't here when I come back—if you're gone—don't fear, I'll trail you—I'll find you."

"My dear, Lassiter, where could I be gone—as you put it?" asked Jane, in curious surprise.

"I reckon you might be somewhere. Mebbe tied to an old barn—or corralled in some gulch—or chained in a cave! Milly Erne was—till she give in! Mebbe that's news to you. . . . Well, if you're gone I'll hunt for you."

"No, Lassiter," she replied, sadly and low. "If I'm gone just forget the unhappy woman whose blinded selfish deceit you repaid with kindness and love."

She heard a deep, muttering curse, under his breath, and then the silvery tinkling of his spurs as he moved away.

JANE entered upon the duties of that day with a settled, gloomy calm. Disaster hung in the dark clouds, in the shade, in the humid west wind. Blake, when he reported, appeared without his usual cheer: and Jerd wore a harassed look of a worn and worried man. And when Judkins put in appearance, riding a lame horse, and dismounted with the cramp of a rider, his dust-covered figure and his darkly grim, almost dazed expression told Jane of dire calamity. She had no need of words.

"Miss Withersteen, I have to report—loss of the—white herd," said Judkins, hoarsely.

"Come, sit down; you look played out," replied Jane, solicitously. She brought him brandy and food, and while he partook of refreshments, of which he appeared badly in need, she asked no questions.

"No one rider—could hev done more—Miss Withersteen," he went on, presently.

"Judkins, don't be distressed. You've done more than any other rider. I've long expected to lose the white herd. It's no surprise. It's in line with other things that are happening. I'm grateful for your service."

"Miss Withersteen, I knew how you'd take it. But, if anythin', that makes it harder to tell. You see, a feller wants to do so much fer you, an' I'd got fond of my job. We hed the herd a ways off to the north of the break in the valley. There was a big level an' pools of water an' tip-top browse. But the cattle was in a high nervous condition. Wild—as wild as antelope! You see, they'd been so scared they never slept. I ain't a-goin' to tell you of the many tricks that were pulled off out there in the sage.

But there wasn't a day fer weeks thet the herd didn't get started to run. We allus managed to ride 'em close and drive 'em back an' kep 'em bunched.

"Honest, Miss Withersteen, them steers was thin. They was thin when water and grass was everywhere. Thin at this season—thet 'll tell you how your steers was pestered. For instance, one night a strange runnin' streak of fire run right thru the herd. That streak was a coyote—with an oiled an' blazin' tail! Fer I shot it and found out. We had hell with the herd that night, an' if the sage an' grass hedn't been wet—we, hosses, steers, an' all would hev burned up. But I said I wasn't goin' to tell you any of the tricks.

"Strange [illegible] Miss Withersteen, when the [illegible] it was from [illegible] just a whirlin' devil of dust. You've seen the [illegible] often. An' this wasn't no big whirl, fer the dust was mostly settled. It had dried out in a little swale an' ordinarily no steer would ever hev run fer it. But the herd was nervous an' wild. An', jest as Lassiter said, when that bunch of white steers got to movin' they was as bad as buffalo. I've seen some buffalo stampedes back in Nebraska, an' this bolt of the steers was the same kind.

"I tried to mill the herd jest as Lassiter did. But I wasn't equal to it, Miss Withersteen. I don't believe the rider lives who could hev turned thet herd. We kept along of the herd fer miles, an' more'n one of my boys tried to get the steers a-millin'. It wasn't any use. We got off level ground, goin' down, an' then the steers ran somethin' fierce. We left the little gullies an' washes level-full of dead steers.

"Finally I saw the herd was makin' to pass a kind of low pocket between ridges. There was a hog-back—as we used to call 'em—a pile of rocks stickin' up, an' I saw the herd was goin' to split round it, or swing out to the left. An' I wanted 'em to go to the right so mebbe we'd be able to drive 'em into the pocket. So, with all my boys except three, I rode hard to turn the herd a little to the right. We couldn't budge 'em. They went on an' split round the rocks, an' the most of 'em was turned sharp to the left by a deep wash we hedn't seen—hed no chance to see.

"The other boys—Jimmy Vail, Joe Wills, an' thet little Cairns boy—a nervy kid! they, with Cairns leadin', tried to buck thet herd round to the pocket. It was a wild, fool idee. I couldn't do nothin'. The boys got hemmed in between the steers an' the wash—thet they hedn't no chance to see, either. Vail and Wills wus run down right before our eyes. An' Cairns, who rode a fine hoss, he did some ridin' I never seen equaled, an' would hev beat the steers if there'd been any room to run in. I was high up an' could see how the steers kept spillin' by twos an' threes over into the wash.

"Cairns put his hoss to a place thet was too wide fer any hoss, an' broke his neck an' the hoss' too. We found thet out after, an' as fer Vail an' Wills—two thousand steers ran over the poor boys. There wasn't much left to pack home fer burying! . . . An', Miss Withersteen, thet all happened yesterday, an' I believe, if the white herd didn't run over the wall of the Pass, it's runnin' yet."

On the morning of the second day after Judkins' recital, during which time Jane remained indoors a prey to regret and sorrow for the boy riders, and a new and now strangely insistent fear for her own person, she again heard what she had missed more than she dared honestly confess—the soft, jingling step of Lassiter.

Almost overwhelming relief surged thru her, a feeling as akin to joy as any she could have been capable of in those gloomy hours of shadow, and one that suddenly stunned her with the significance of what Lassiter had come to mean to her. She had begged him, for his own sake, to leave Cottonwoods. She might yet beg that, if her weakening courage permitted her to dare absolute loneliness and helplessness, but she realized now that if she were left alone her life would become one long, hideous nightmare.

When his soft steps clinked into the hall, in answer to her greeting, and his tall, black-garbed form filled the door, she felt an inexpressible sense of immediate safety. In his presence she lost her fear of the dim passageways of Withersteen House, and of every sound. Always it had been that, when he entered the court of the hall, she had experienced a distinctly sickening but gradually lessening shock at sight of the huge black guns swinging at his sides.

This time the sickening shock again visited her; it was, however, because a revealing flash of thought told her that it was not alone Lassiter who was thrillingly welcome, but also his fatal weapons. They meant so much. How she had fallen—how broken and spiritless must she be—to have still the same old horror of Lassiter's guns and his name, yet feel somehow a cold, shrinking protection in their law and might and use.

"Did you trail Venters—find his wonderful valley?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, an' I reckon it's sure a wonderful place."

"Is he safe there?"

"That's been botherin' me some. I tracked him, an' part of the trail was the hardest I ever tackled. Mebbe there's a rustler or somebody in this country who's as good at trackin' as I am. If that's so Venters ain't safe."

"Well—tell me all about Bern and his valley."

To Jane's surprise Lassiter showed disinclination for further talk about his trip. He appeared to be extremely fatigued. Jane reflected that one hundred and twenty miles, with probably a great deal of climbing on foot, all in three days, was enough to tire any rider. Moreover, it presently developed that Lassiter had returned in a mood of singular sadness and preoccupation. She put it down to a moodiness over the loss of her white herd and the now precarious condition of her fortune.

Several days passed and as nothing happened, Jane's spirits began to brighten. Once in her musings she thought that this tendency of hers to rebound was as sad as it was futile. Meanwhile, she had resumed her walks thru the grove with little Fay.

One morning she went as far as the sage. She had not seen the slope since the beginning of the rains, and now it bloomed a rich, deep purple. There was a high wind blowing, and the sage tossed and waved, and colored beautifully from light to dark. Clouds scudded across the sky, and their shadows sailed darkly down the sunny slope.

Upon her return toward the house she went by the lane to the stables, and she had scarcely entered the great open space with its corrals and sheds, when she saw Lassiter hurriedly approaching. Fay broke from her, and, running to a corral fence, began to pat and pull the long, hanging ears of a drowsy burro.

One look at Lassiter armed her for a blow.

Without a word he led her across the wide yard to the rise of the ground upon which the stable stood.

"Jane—look!" he said, and pointed to the ground.

Jane glanced down, and again, and upon steadier vision made out splotches of blood on the stones, and broad, smooth marks in the dust, leading out toward the sage.

"What made these?" she asked.

"I reckon somebody has dragged dead or wounded men out to where there was hosses in the sage."

"Dead—or—wounded—men!"

"I reckon—Jane, are you strong? Can you bear up?"

His hands were gently holding hers, and his eyes—suddenly she could no longer look into them. "Strong?" she echoed, trembling. "I—I will be."

Up the stone-flag drive, nicked with the marks made by the iron-shod hoofs of her racers, Lassiter led her, his grasp ever growing firmer.

"Where's Blake—and—and Jerd?" she asked, haltingly.

"I don't know where Jerd is. Bolted, most likely," replied Lassiter, as he took her thru the stone door. "But Blake—poor Blake! He's gone forever! . . . Be prepared, Jane."

With a cold prickling of her skin, with a queer thrumming in her ears, with fixed and staring eyes, Jane saw a gun lying at her feet with chamber swung and empty, and discharged shells scattered near.

Outstretched upon the stable floor lay Blake, ghastly white—dead—one hand clutching a gun, and the other twisted in his bloody blouse.

"Whoever the thieves were, whether your people or rustlers—Blake killed some of them!" said Lassiter.

"Thieves?" whispered Jane.

"I reckon. Hoss-thieves! . . Look!" Lassiter waved his hand toward the stalls.

The first stall—Bell's stall—was empty. All the stalls were empty. No racer whinnied and stamped greeting to her. Night was gone! Black Star was gone!

CHAPTER XVI.

GOLD

AS LASSITER had reported to Jane, Venters "went thru" safely, and after a toilsome journey reached the peaceful shelter of Surprise Valley. When finally he laid wearily down under the silver spruces, resting from the strain of dragging packs and burros up the slope and thru the entrance to Surprise Valley, he had leisure to think, and a great deal of the time went in regretting that he had not been frank with his loyal friend, Jane Withersteen.

But, he kept continually recalling, when he had stood once more face to face with her and had been shocked at the change in her and had heard the details of her adversity, he had not had the heart to tell her of the closer interest which had entered his life. He had not lied; yet he had kept silence.

Bess was in transports over the stores of supplies and the outfit he had packed from Cottonwoods. He had certainly brought a hundred times more than he had gone for; enough, surely, for years, perhaps to make permanent home in the valley. He saw no reason why he need ever leave there again.

After a day of rest he recovered his strength, and shared Bess' pleasure in rummaging over the endless packs, and began to plan for the future. And in this planning, his trip to Cottonwoods, with its revived hate of Tull and consequent unleashing of fierce passions, soon faded out of mind. By slower degrees his friendship for Jane Withersteen and his contrition drifted from the active preoccupation of his present thought to a place in memory, with more and more infrequent recalls.

And as far as the state of his mind was concerned, upon the second day after his return, the valley, with its golden hues and purple shades, the speaking west wind and the cool, silent night, and Bess' watching eyes with their wonderful light, so wrought upon Venters that he might never have left them at all.

That very afternoon he set to work. Only one thing hindered him upon beginning, tho it in no wise checked his delight, and that was that in the multiplicity of tasks planned to make a paradise out of the valley he could not choose the one with which to begin. He had to grow into the habit of passing from one dreamy pleasure to another, like a

(Continued on Page 23.)

CURES ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

Any reader who suffers from Asthma and Hay Fever can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1556 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' Free trial. If it cures pay $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Ray[illegible] Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Antiseptic Poultice that draws out the [illegible] around sores and Heal While You Work. Write today. [illegible] Adv.

WAS A BROKEN-DOWN WOMAN

Then I Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicines

Donaldsonville, La.—"I write with pleasure to praise your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—which has done so much to restore my health. I was a broken-down woman until my husband brought me a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and one of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. I had been having pains every month and at intervals between, was weak and seemed to be smothering at times, but in a week I felt like another woman. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. It did me a lot of good too. I cannot praise your medicines too much and will be more than glad to recommend them to any woman who is suffering from female troubles. You may print my testimonial, as it is true."—Mrs. T. A. LANDRY, 612 Miss. St., Donaldsonville, La.

Note Mrs. Landry's words—"as it is true." Every letter recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is genuine. It is a statement telling the merits of these medicines just as the women in your own neighborhood tell each other about them. For fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sold on merit.

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.00; Double Strength [illegible]. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION

[illegible]

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT

[illegible] You know that. [illegible] It is free. You are [illegible] Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This method has restored to beauty the complexions of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Send to Dorothy Ray, 646 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. [illegible]

Mail This Coupon For Free Booklet Today!

DOROTHY RAY 646 No. Michigan Boulevard Suite 94, Chicago, Illinois

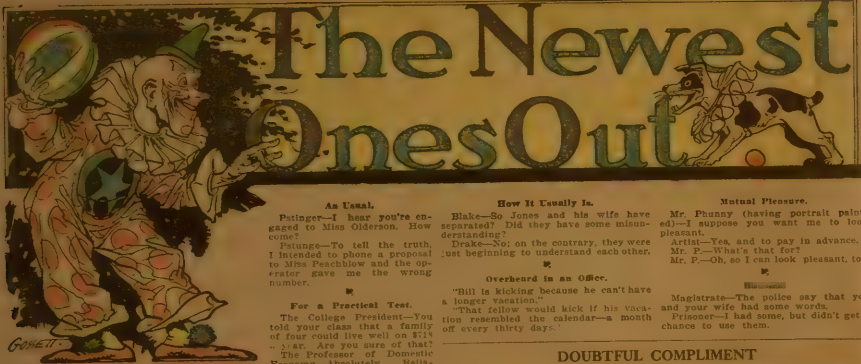
Please send without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State

The Newest Ones Out



As Usual.

Pstinger—I hear you're engaged to Miss Olderson. How come?

Pstunge—To tell the truth, I intended to phone a proposal to Miss Peachblow and the operator gave me the wrong number.

For a Practical Test.

The College President—You told your class that a family of four could live well on $718 a year. Are you sure of that?

The Professor of Domestic Economy—Absolutely. Reliable statistics to prove it.

The President—I'm glad to hear it, because we are cutting your salary 40 per cent for the coming year.

Overenthusiasm.

"I should like to make a big subscription to your campaign fund," exclaimed Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Couldn't think of permitting it," said Senator Sorghum.

"But I should really enjoy it."

"That's the point. I am afraid you'd enjoy it so much you couldn't refrain from talking about it."

The Art of Resignation.

"Our friend has not sent in the resignation he was talking about."

"Not yet," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's terribly foolish for a man to resign from office unless he has made previous arrangements to prevent his resignation from being accepted."

A Kind Man.

[illegible]—it's a keepsake.

Hold-up Man—A dollar watch a keepsake?

Victim—Yes; the last hold-up man I met let me keep it.

How It Usually Is.

Blake—So Jones and his wife have separated? Did they have some misunderstanding?

Drake—No; on the contrary, they were just beginning to understand each other.

Overheard in an Office.

"Bill is kicking because he can't have a longer vacation."

"That fellow would kick if his vacation resembled the calendar—a month off every thirty days."

Mutual Pleasure.

Mr. Phunny (having portrait painted)—I suppose you want me to look pleasant.

Artist—Yes, and to pay in advance.

Mr. P.—What's that for?

Mr. P.—Oh, so I can look pleasant, too.

[illegible]

Magistrate—The police say that you and your wife had some words.

Prisoner—I had some, but didn't get a chance to use them.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

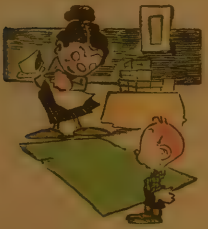
"THE spirit of your departed wife would like to speak to you," said the medium.

"You needn't bother about bringing us face to face, ma'am," replied the client, in some trepidation. "Just say I'm well and I hope she's the same. You might add that I miss her something dreadful."

"I'll deliver your message."

"Thanks, ma'am. And if you don't mind, I'll just pay the fee and be on my way. Maggie's been dead two years and during that time I'm afraid I've done things she wouldn't approve of."

Inside Room.



Auntie—With these bundles to carry and no pockets, Bobbie, you haven't room for this cake.

Bobbie—Yes'm, I have!

Auntie—Where, please tell me?

Bobbie—In my stummick, ma'am.

Can't Deny That.

"How satisfied a girl seems when she has an engagement ring."

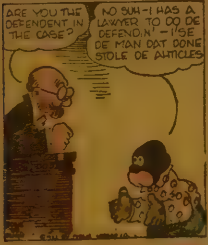
"Well, it's a good thing to have on hand, you know."

First of the Month.

Flubb—They live like two doves in a nest.

Dubb—Yes; but they'll soon fall out when the billing begins.

SOLID IVORY


ARE YOU THE DEFENDENT IN THE CASE?
NO SUH—I HAS A LAWYER TO DO DE DEFENDIN'—I'SE DE MAN DAT DONE STOLE DE AHTICLES

MISPLACED ENERGY

"SON, I'm afraid you are not trying to make yourself useful about the office."

"But father——"

"I'll admit that the gallantry of your conduct toward our prettiest stenographer could not be improved on. Raising a window to give her fresh air and putting one down to prevent her from catching cold; fetching her a glass of water at frequent intervals and taking her out to lunch is all very well in its way, but it's no great help to the business."

Fooled St. Peter.

"So this is a spirit photograph?" said the client.

"Yes," replied the spirits. "That's a speaking likeness of your uncle, Christopher Tooling."

"But his name was Hiram Botsforth."

"Ahem! He must have sneaked into heaven under an alias."

Dual Roles.

"Are you serving your country or working for re-election?" asked the [illegible]

"Both," said the statesman. "As regards the first, I court the fullest publicity. As for the other, the less said about it the better."

The Linotyper's Latest Victim.

A well-known movie star who is suing for divorce had her picture in a Virginia paper the other day, with a smaller oval one set in an upper corner. The footline ran: "C—— T——, Insect—Her Husband."

On to Him.

Jim—You misjudge me, dear. I admit that I am a poor, weak mortal, but lying is not one of my failings.

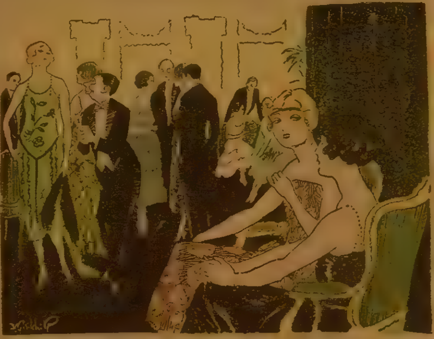
Jane—No, it certainly is not! It's one [illegible]

[illegible]

Waiter (to guest who has been waiting a long time)—Did you ring the bell, [illegible]

Guest—No, I was merely tolling it; I thought you were dead.

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT



"Did you tell that little bounder that a handsome face like his should appear on the screen?"

"Not exactly. I said it should be screened."

Couldn't Apply Rule.

Teacher—What, fighting again, Tommy?

Tommy—Johnny Jones started it.

Teacher—But you know at Sunday school you learned that if an enemy smites you on one cheek you should turn the other?

Tommy—Yes, ma'am. But he hit me on the nose and I ain't got but one, so I had to pitch in and lick him.

"For Valor."

Meek—I forgot myself today and spoke sharply to my wife.

Peek—Did she resent it?

Meek—For a moment she did. But Maria is a fair-minded woman—after she had thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery.

[illegible]

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife that I didn't like her new dress.

Plankington—What, was she angry?

Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't so much [illegible]

Suspicious Cigars.

"My husband is a very generous man."

"Yes, that's true. I gave him a box of cigars and he smoked only one of them—the rest he gave to his friends."

A DYING REQUEST

"IT SEEMS odd to hear grand opera in a 'hot dog' establishment."

"It's this way," said the proprietor. "When I installed that machine for my guests I had nothing but jazz records. The other day a gentleman in reduced circumstances came in. He told me confidentially that he didn't have but a nickel between himself and starvation, but he asked me as a favor to an unfortunate who might fill a pauper's grave in less than ten days to cut out the jazz."

Out-of-School Lessons.

Philosophy is a well-known vehicle of useless fragments.

To see stars is a privilege granted folks who fool with mules.

Love comes as often as a girl changes her mind.

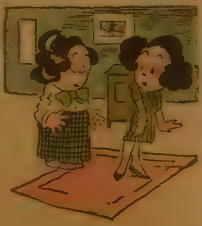
The truth never worries about exposure.

Recreation.

"I suppose these boarders of yours are here for a rest," remarked Si Simlin.

"No," said Farmer Corntossel. "They keep playin' games all day an' playin' the phonograph all night. Then when they get good and tired they go back an' appreciate their quiet city homes."

Jazzing It Up.



Mrs. Oldstyle—I suppose you've engaged a symphony orchestra to play your wedding march.

Phillippa—Heavens, no! Symphony [illegible] We've secured the famous Blackaloo Jazz Band to play their own interpretation of the wedding march from Lohengrin.

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 21.)

bee going from flower to flower in the valley, and he found this wandering habit likely to extend to his labors. Nevertheless, he made a start.

At the outset he discovered Bess to be both a considerable help in some ways and a very great hindrance in others. Her excitement and joy were spurs, inspirations; but she was utterly impracticable in her ideas, and she flitted from one plan to another with bewildering vacillation. Moreover, he fancied that she grew more eager, youthful, and sweet; and he marked that it was far easier to watch her and listen to her than it was to work. Therefore he gave her tasks that necessitated her going often to the cave where he had stored his packs.

Upon the last of these trips, when he was some distance down the terrace and out of sight of camp, he heard a scream, and then the sharp barking of the dogs.

For an instant he straightened up, amazed. Danger for her had been absolutely out of his mind. She had seen a rattlesnake—or a wildcat. Still she would not have been likely to scream at sight of either; and the barking of the dogs was ominous. Dropping his work, he dashed back along the terrace. Upon breaking thru a clump of aspens he saw the dark form of a man in the camp. Cold, then hot, Venters burst into frenzied speed to reach his guns. He was cursing himself for a thoughtless fool when the man's tall form became familiar, and he recognized Lassiter. Then the reversal of emotions changed his run to a walk; he tried to call out, but his voice refused to carry; when he reached camp there was Lassiter staring at the white-faced girl. By that time Ring and Whitie had recognized him.

"Hello, Venters, I'm makin' you a visit," said Lassiter, slowly. "An' I'm some surprised to see you've a—a young feller for company."

One glance had sufficed for the keen rider to read Bess' real sex, and for once his cool calm had deserted him. He stared till the white of Bess' cheeks flared into crimson. That, if it were needed, was the concluding evidence of her feminity; for it went fittingly with her sun-tinted hair and darkened, dilated eyes, the sweetness of her mouth and the striking symmetry of her slender shape.

"Heavens! Lassiter!" panted Venters, when he caught his breath. "What relief—it's only you! How—in the name of all—that's wonderful—did you ever get here?"

"I trailed you. We—I wanted to know where you was, if you had a safe place. So I trailed you."

"Trailed me!" cried Venters, bluntly.

"I reckon. It was all day trackin' you up to them little cut steps in the rock. The rest was easy."

"Where's your hoss? I hope you hid him."

"I tied him in them queer cedars down on the slope. He can't be seen from the valley."

"That's good. Well, well! I'm completely dumfounded. It was my idea that no man could track me in here."

"I reckon. But if there's a tracker in these uplands as good as me he can find you."

"That's bad. That'll worry me. But, Lassiter, now you're here I'm glad to see you. And—and my companion here is not a young fellow! . . . Bess, this is a friend of mine. He saved my life once."

The embarrassment of the moment did not extend to Lassiter. Almost at once his manner, as he shook hands with Bess, relieved Venters and put the girl at ease. After Venters' words and one quick look at Lassiter, her agitation stilled, and, tho she was shy, if she were conscious of anything out of the ordinary in the situation, certainly she did not show it.

"I reckon I'll only stay a little while," Lassiter was saying. "An' if you don't mind troublin', I'm hungry. I fetched some biscuits along, but they're gone. Venters, this place is sure the wonderfullest ever seen. Them cut steps on the slope! That outlet into the gorge! An' it's like climbin' up thru hell into heaven to climb thru that gorge into this valley! There's a queer-lookin' rock at the top of the passage. I didn't have time to stop. I'm wonderin' how you ever found this place. It's sure interestin'."

DURING the preparation and eating of dinner Lassiter listened mostly, as was his wont, and occasionally he spoke in his quaint and dry way. Venters noted, however, that the rider showed an increasing interest in Bess. He asked her no questions, and only directed his attention to her while she was occupied and had no opportunity to observe his scrutiny. It seemed to Venters that Lassiter grew more and more absorbed in his study of Bess, and that he lost his coolness in some strange, softening sympathy. Then, quite abruptly, he arose, and announced the necessity for his early departure. He said good-by to Bess in a voice gentle and somewhat broken, and turned hurriedly away. Venters accompanied him, and they had traversed the terrace, climbed the weathered slope, and passed under the stone bridge before either spoke again.

Then Lassiter put a great hand on Venters' shoulder and wheeled him to meet a smoldering fire of gray eyes.

"Lassiter, I couldn't tell Jane! I couldn't!" burst out Venters, reading his friend's mind. "I tried. But I couldn't. She wouldn't understand, and she has troubles enough. And I love the girl!"

"Venters, I reckon this beats me. I've seen some queer things in my time, too. This girl—who is she?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know! What is she, then?"

"I don't know that, either. Oh, it's the strangest story you ever heard. I must tell you. But you'll never believe."

"Venters, women were always puzzles to me. But for all that, if this girl ain't a child, an' as innocent, I'm no fit person to think of virtue an' goodness in anybody. Are you goin' to be square with her?"

"I am—so help me God!"

"I reckoned so. Mebbe my temper oughtn't led me to make sure. But, man, she's a woman in all but years. She's sweeter'n the sage."

"Lassiter, I know, I know. And the hell of it is that in spite of her innocence and charm she's—she's not what she seems!"

"I wouldn't want to—of course. I couldn't call you a liar, Venters," said the older man.

"What's more, she was Oldring's Masked Rider!"

Venters expected to floor his friend with that statement, but he was not in any way prepared for the shock his words gave. For an instant he was astounded to see Lassiter stunned; then his own passionate eagerness to unbosom himself, to tell the wonderful story, precluded any other thought.

"Son, tell me all about this," presently said Lassiter, as he seated himself on a stone and wiped his moist brow.

Thereupon Venters began his narrative at the point where he had shot the rustler and Oldring's Masked Rider, and he rushed thru it, telling all, not holding back even Bess' unreserved avowal of her love or his deepest emotions.

"That's the story," he said, concluding. "I love her, tho I've never told her. If I did tell her I'd be ready to marry her, and that seems impossible in this country. I'd be afraid to risk taking her anywhere. So I intend to do the best I can for her here."

"The longer I live the stranger life is," mused Lassiter, with downcast eyes. "I'm reminded of somethin' you once said to Jane about hands in her game of life. There's that unseen hand of power, an' Tull's black hand, an' my red one, an' your indifferent one, an' the girl's little brown helpless one. An' Venters, there's another one that's all-wise an' all-wonderful. That's the hand guidin' Jane Withersteen's game of life! . . . Your story's one to daze a far clearer head than mine. I can't offer no advice, even if you asked for it. Mebbe I can help you. Anyway, I'll hold Oldrin' up when he comes to the village an' find out about this girl. I knew the rustler years ago. He'll remember me."

"Lassiter, if I ever meet Oldring I'll kill him!" cried Venters, with sudden intensity.

"I reckon that'd be perfectly natural," replied the rider.

"Make him think Bess is dead—as she is to him, and that old life."

"Sure, sure, son. Cool down now. If you're goin' to begin pullin' guns on Tull an' Oldrin' you want to be cool. I reckon, tho, you'd better keep hid here. Well, I must be leavin'."

"One thing, Lassiter. You'll not tell Jane about Bess? Please don't!"

"I reckon not. But I wouldn't be afraid to bet that after she'd got over anger at your secrecy—Venters, she'd be furious once in her life!—she'd think more of you. I don't mind sayin' for myself that I think you're a good deal of a man."

In the further ascent Venters halted several times with the intention of saying good-by, yet he changed his mind and kept on climbing till they reached Balancing Rock. Lassiter examined the huge rock, listened to Venters' idea of its position and suggestion, and curiously placed a strong hand upon it.

"Hold on!" cried Venters. "I heaved at it once and have never gotten over my scare."

"Well, you do seem oncommon nervous," replied Lassiter, much amused. "Now, as for me, why I always had the funniest notion to roll stones! When I was a kid I did it, an' the bigger I got the bigger stones I'd roll. Ain't that funny? Honest—even now I often get off my hoss jest to tumble a big stone over a precipice, an' watch it drop, an' listen to it bang an' boom. I've started some slides in my time, an' don't you forget it. I never seen a rock I wanted to roll as bad as this one! Wouldn't there jest be roarin', crashin' hell down that trail?"

"You'd close the outlet forever!" exclaimed Venters. "Well, good-by, Lassiter. Keep my secret and don't forget me. And be mighty careful how you get out of the valley below. The rustlers' canyon isn't more than three miles up the Pass. Now you've tracked me here I'll never feel safe again."

In his descent to the valley, Venters' emotion, roused to stirring pitch by the recital of his love story, quieted gradually, and in its place came a sober, thoughtful mood. All at once he saw that he was serious, because he would never more regain his sense of security while in the valley. What Lassiter could do another skilful tracker might duplicate.

Among the many riders with whom Venters had ridden he recalled no one who could have taken his trail at Cottonwoods and have followed it to the edge of the bare slope in the pass, let alone up that glistening smooth stone. Lassiter, however, was not an ordinary rider. Instead of hunting cattle tracks he had likely spent a goodly portion of his life tracking men. It was not improbable that among Oldring's rustlers there was one who shared Lassiter's gift for trailing. And the more Venters

$16.50 FINE SUIT Made to Measure

Delivery Prepaid

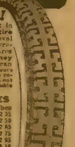
No Extra Charges

SAMPLES FREE! A book full of cloth samples in all the latest colors, patterns and weaves—the finest quality that money can buy. Every garment made to your measure, guaranteed fast color and delivered free. No Extra Charges.

Your Suit Won't Cost a Cent

If you have a few hours spare time your own suit won't cost a cent. We are paying good men $10.00 to $50 a week for all or spare time. No experience needed. Send no money—just your name and address.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 1756 CHICAGO



STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price

Send No Money!

Buy right! Cut your tire cost in two and get a reliner with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Your Money Back if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 6000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires, known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.55	$1.25	34x4	$8.75	$2.35
30x3	4.75	1.35	33x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.80	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
33x4	7.65	2.25	37x5	9.95	3.25

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine, judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3151 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

PREPARE!! ONLY $8.95

Send no Money

Prepare now! Protect your home, earnings and loved ones! Be prepared for what may happen any day! Preparedness wins!

This brand-new, blue steel, double safety tested Automatic insures a warm welcome to anybody who dares disturb you. Preparedness pays!

Ironclad guarantee of satisfaction or money back goes with each Automatic.

No. AH110, 25-cal AUTOMATIC, 7-shot, as illustrated. Only $8.95

No. AH120, 32-cal. heavy service MILITARY MODEL AUTOMATIC 10 shot Extra magazine FREE Only $10.95

SEND NO MONEY Just your name, address and number of AUTOMATIC selected. Pay postman our special price and a few cents postage on arrival. Free AX catalogue

GUARANTEE TRADING CO.
54 Montgomery St. Jersey City, N. J.

Stop Using a Truss

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.

Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal.

Grand Prix.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE

Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.

Plapao Co., 580 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name ....

Address ....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao..................

$1.79

GUARANTEED WATCH To introduce our Jewelry Catalog and to sell a price of Elgin Watches we are offering this elegant guaranteed watch, nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set. Genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed, a reliable timekeeper, special price of $1.79. Send no money. Pay postmaster on arrival and the watch is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Walters, Young & Co., 3332 W. 38th Place, Dept. 256, Chicago

4 LACE CURTAINS FREE

For selling only [illegible] cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card [illegible]

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., LANCASTER, PA. Box 25 H

Send no money

We Trust You

Let Me Send You FREE on trial a Pair of Handsome Tortoise Shell Glasses

For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12.00 to $15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW.

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., Station C, D.R.1367, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts.,
Station C, D.R.1367, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?..............................

How many years have you used glasses (if any)

....

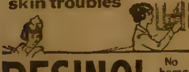
Name..

Post Office..

R. R........................ Box No. ....

State..

First Aid For
cuts, burns, scalds
and all itching
skin troubles



RESINOL
Soothing and Healing
No home should be without it

12.95 25 cal.
32 Cal. $13.95
Genuine German
MAUSER

Less than half pre-war prices. Latest Model 9 Shot Automatic. Shoots standard cartridges. Convenient to carry—lies flat in the pocket—perfect safety device. World's Famous Luger [illegible] cal. $21.95 — Hand Ejector Revolver, [illegible] $16.95. 38 cal. $17.95. All our guns brand new latest models—guaranteed genuine imported.

SEND NO MONEY

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money promptly refunded.
8.45 — 25 Cal. BLUE STEEL ARMY AUTOMATIC — 32 Cal. $10.45. Officers automatic, 3 safeties, 25 cal. $10.50 MILITARY TRENCH AUTOMATIC—32 Cal. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Just like you used "over there" $11.65. Imported TOP BREAK revolver 32 cal. $7.45 38 cal. $8.45.

UNIVERSAL SALES CO.
141 Broadway DESK 0119 New York City

Doctor Discovers New Rupture Remedy

Akron, Ohio, Aug. 12, 1922.—A prominent Ohio physician has discovered a wonderful new method, which is completely revolutionizing the treatment of rupture. This remedy is totally different from any other—no operation—no cutting, and nothing to "rub on." Anyone can use it without pain or danger and without losing an hour from work.

Relief is felt almost immediately and recovery is usually so rapid as to seem miraculous. Anyone who is ruptured may obtain full information regarding this remarkable discovery, by writing E. H. Scott, Hernia Specialist, 504F, Scott Bldg., Akron, Ohio, who will send interesting booklet in plain sealed wrapper.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH
WHY SUFFER? It costs you nothing if LAVEX FAILS TO CONQUER EITHER of these Dreaded Trouble Makers. Thousands have proved it—why not you? Complete Treatment sent on receipt of name. No money required [illegible]
MAIGNEN CHEMICAL CO.
2135 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

DROPSY Treated One Week FREE. Short breathing relieved in a few hours swelling reduced in a few days, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., DEPT. F-16, ATLANTA, GA.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, [illegible] fabrics of all kinds and gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents; two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and [illegible] to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns who [illegible] for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

dwelt on this possibility the more perturbed he grew.

Lassiter's visit, moreover, had a disquieting effect upon Bess; and Venters fancied that she entertained the same thought as to future seclusion. The breaking of their solitude, tho by a well-meaning friend, had not only dispelled all its dream and much of its charm, but had instilled a canker of fear. Both had seen the footprint in the sand.

Venters did no more work that day. Sunset and twilight gave way to night, and the canyon bird whistled its melancholy notes, and the wind sang softly in the cliffs, and the camp fire blazed and burned down to red embers. To Venters a subtle difference was apparent in all of these, or else the shadowy change had been in him. He hoped that on the morrow this slight depression would have passed away.

In that measure, however, he was doomed to disappointment. Furthermore, Bess reverted to a wistful sadness that he had not observed in her since her recovery. His attempt to cheer her out of it resulted in dismal failure, and consequently in a darkening of his own mood. Hard work relieved him; still, when the day had passed, his unrest returned.

Then he set to deliberate thinking, and there came to him the startling conviction that he must leave Surprise Valley and take Bess with him. As a rider he had taken many chances, and as an adventurer in Deception Pass he had unhesitatingly risked his life; but now he would run no preventable hazard of Bess' safety and happiness, and he was too keen not to see that hazard. It gave him a pang to think of leaving the beautiful valley, just when he had the means to establish a permanent and delightful home there.

One flashing thought tore in hot temptation thru his mind—why not climb up into the gorge, roll Balancing Rock down the trail, and close forever the outlet to Deception Pass? "That was the beast in me—showing his teeth!" muttered Venters, scornfully. "I'll just kill him good and quick! I'll be fair to this girl, if it's the last thing I do on earth!"

Another day went by, in which he worked less and pondered more and all the time covertly watched Bess. Her wistfulness had deepened into downright unhappiness, and that made his task to tell her all the harder. He kept the secret another day, hoping by some chance she might grow less moody, and to his exceeding anxiety she fell into far deeper gloom.

Out of his own secret and the torment of it he divined that she, too, had a secret, and the keeping of it was torturing her. As yet he had no plan thought out in regard to how or when to leave the valley, but he decided to tell her the necessity of it and to persuade her to go. Furthermore, he hoped his speaking out would induce her to unburden her own mind.

"Bess, what's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, with averted face.

Venters took hold of her, and gently tho masterfully forced her to meet his eyes.

"You can't look at me and lie," he said. "Now—what's wrong with you? You're keeping something from me. Well, I've got a secret, too, and I intend to tell it presently."

"Oh—I have a secret. I was crazy to tell you when you came back. That's why I was so silly about everything. I kept holding my secret back—gloating over it. But when Lassiter came I got an idea—that changed my mind. Then I hated to tell you."

"Are you going to now?"

"Yes—yes, I was coming to it. I tried yesterday but you were so cold. I was afraid. I couldn't keep it much longer."

"Very well, most mysterious lady, tell your wonderful secret."

"You needn't laugh," she retorted, with a first glimpse of reviving spirit. "I can take the laugh out of you in one second."

"It's a go."

She ran thru the spruces to the cave, and returned carrying something which was manifestly heavy. Upon nearer view he saw that whatever she held with such evident importance had been bound up in a black scarf he well remembered. That alone was sufficient to make him tingle with curiosity.

"Have you any idea what I did in your absence?" she asked.

"I imagine you lounged about waiting and watching for me," he replied, smiling. "I've my share of conceit, you know."

"You're wrong. I worked. Look at my hands." She dropped on her knees close to where he sat, and, carefully depositing the black bundle, she held out her hands. The palms and inside of her fingers were white, puckered, and worn.

"Why, Bess, you've been fooling in the water," he said.

"Fooling? Look here!" With deft fingers she spread open the black scarf, and the bright sun shone upon a dull, glittering heap of gold.

"Gold!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, gold! See, pounds of gold! I found it—washed it out of the stream—picked it out grain by grain, nugget by nugget!"

"Gold!" he cried.

"Yes. Now—now laugh at my secret!"

For a long minute Venters gazed. Then he stretched forth a hand to feel if the gold was real.

"Gold!" he almost shouted. "Bess, there are hundreds—thousands of dollars' worth here!"

He leaned over to her, and put his hand, strong and clenching now, on hers.

"Is there more where this came from?" he whispered.

"Plenty of it, all the way up the stream to the cliff. You know I've often washed for gold. Then I've heard the men talk. I think there's no great quantity of gold here, but enough for—for a fortune for you."

"That—was—your—secret!"

"Yes. I hate gold. For it makes men mad. I've seen them drunk with joy and dance and fling themselves around. I've seen them curse and rave. I've seen them fight like dogs and roll in the dust. I've seen them kill each other for gold."

"Is that why you hated to tell me?"

"Not—not altogether." Bess lowered her head. "It was because I knew you'd never stay here long after you found gold."

"You were afraid I'd leave you?"

"Yes."

"Listen! . . . . You great, simple child! Listen! . . . You sweet, wonderful, wild, blue-eyed girl! I was tortured by my secret. It was that I knew we—we must leave the valley. We can't stay here much longer. I couldn't think how we'd get away—out of the country—or how we'd live, if we ever got out. I'm a beggar. That's why I kept my secret. I'm poor. It takes money to make way beyond Sterling. We couldn't ride horses or burros or walk forever. So while I knew we must go, I was distracted over how to go and what to do. Now! We've gold! Once beyond Sterling we'll be safe from rustlers. We've no others to fear."

"Oh! Listen! Bess!" Venters now heard his voice ringing high and sweet, and he felt Bess' cold hands in his crushing grasp as she leaned toward him, pale, breathless. "This is how much I'd leave you! You made me live again! I'll take you away—far away from this wild country. You'll begin a new life. You'll be happy. You shall see cities, ships, people. You shall have anything your heart craves. All the shame and sorrow of your life shall be forgotten—as if they had never been. This is how much I'd leave you here alone—you sad-eyed girl. I love you! Didn't you know it? How could you fail to know it? I love you! I'm free! I'm a man—a man you've made—no more a beggar! . . . Kiss me! This is how much I'd leave you here alone—you beautiful, strange, unhappy girl. But I'll make you happy. What—what do I care for—your past! I love you! I'll take you home to Illinois—to my mother. Then I'll take you to far places. I'll make up all you've lost. Oh, I know you love me—knew it before you told me. And it changed my life. And you'll go with me, not as my companion as you are here, nor my sister, but, Bess, darling! . . . As MY WIFE!"

Things now look pretty bright for this interesting pair, we must admit. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, we are told, and while a fabulous fortune now lies at their feet, so, also, do dangers lurk on every hand. There are still Oldring, the rustlers, Elder Tull and other foes to be reckoned with. Can Bern and Bess make their getaway? Time will tell. Ninth installment in next week's Ledger. Don't miss it.

* * *

Teaching English Workers.

EXTRAORDINARY speed in the building of houses in Feltham, a suburb of London, excited wonder, especially at a time when there were many complaints of the slowness of British workmen as compared with Americans. The explanation was finally found in the fact that the Feltham enterprise was managed by a Canadian who had learned how to handle men as a railway contractor on three great Dominion roads. He testified to the fact that his success was a matter of management and that the British workman was all right when skilfully handled, when he said: "British workers are fine, when treated properly. I have never seen better or more rapid work done in any part of the world than British workmen are doing here."

* * *

Community Cow.

THE church-by-the-side-of-the-road in Greensboro, N. C., has a community cow, rented out at $1 a week to families who cannot afford to buy cows. The proceeds are being saved to buy other cows so that eventually there may be a community herd. The community cow was first placed with a family of six children. A. W. McAlister, one of the founders of the church-by-the-side-of-the-road, writes: "You should see how these children are blossoming forth. You can see the bloom in their cheeks, and the scales have a story to tell also. At least once a week our community nurse looks in on the community cow to see how she is and how she is being treated."

Voice on the Wire.

(Continued From Page 19.)

cago's downtown district. After an hour's tedious riding, the car drew up at the busy Monroe street crossing and I made my way into the lobby of the Palmer House.

I walked up to the clerk.

"Like to see Mr. Milo Payne," I said. "What number is his room?"

He looked over the registrations of that day. Evidently he found no entry of such a name, for he turned back several leaves. Finally his finger stopped traveling down the page.

"Gone," he said laconically. "Registered here on Mond——" He paused. He looked me over critically with a steely glare in his eye. "Sorry, but for any information about our guests you'll have to see the manager."

"Where can I find him," I asked.

"His office is in room 201—second floor, south."

I took the elevator to the second floor and hurried down the corridor to room 201. The door was slightly ajar, so I walked in. At a desk near the window sat a baldheaded man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, shuffling over several papers. As I entered he looked up.

"I'm trying to get some information as to the present address of a Mr. Milo Payne who registered here Monday. Clerk says I'll have to see you."

"Yeah," he replied, "I was expecting you. Got an inquiry from the police department this morning about Mr. Payne. Said they'd send a man over here this morning to find out about him. Here's the dope on it." He commenced searching thru the pigeon holes of his desk.

I have always believed in the policy of sitting tight and not rocking the boat. In view of the fact that he had not asked me whether I was the man who was to be sent by the police department, I saw no reason for allowing him to think otherwise. So I attempted to look as wise and official as possible while he continued his search.

Soon he found what he was seeking for. He turned to me with his hand holding a photograph and a slip of paper, neither of which I could see.

"Now," he remarked, consulting the slip of paper, "I can't tell you a great

Kills Nerve Pains In Few Minutes

Stabbing Pains of "Nerve Inflammation" Quickly Relieved by Simple Home Remedy.

Do you suffer pains in the arms or shoulders, down the back and in the legs to the ankles, in the neck and over the top of the head? Sharp and excruciating pains that "come and go," or hurt constantly? Some times mistaken for, and called neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism—troubles that frequently grow into neuritis.

Regardless of what causes nerve pains, or where they attack, you may rejoice in ready relief without taking Aspirin, Acetanilid, Bromides, Narcotics or other drastic dope. A simple 5-grain Adol Tablet or two taken in hot water and soon the pain is gone.

Adol Tablets have a quieting, healing effect; they act to relieve pain quickly and to bring sore nerves back to a gratifying, healthy condition. They are guaranteed to please in every case.

Start today to banish those distressing pains. Send only $1.00 for liberal size box of Adol Tablets to the Melton Laboratories, 617 Massachusetts Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Or send no money, but pay the postman $1.00 and few cents postage when he delivers package. If you are not satisfied with results, get back the $1.00 promptly merely by asking for it.

Free To Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live; no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy
E. R. Page,
382 R Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:
....
....
....

deal about this Mr. Milo Payne. I found that he registered with us on Monday noon from Rapid River, Mich., bringing with him only a suitcase. At 6 o'clock the clerk on the second shift remembers sending up a fellow dressed like a parson, and carrying a black satchel. He happened to remember the occurrence because, not twenty minutes after the parson returned to the lobby and left the hotel, this Milo Payne came downstairs, paid his bill, and pulled out."

"Did he give a forwarding address?" I asked, wondering with my heart in my mouth whether I was to lose my last clew.

"None whatever," replied the manager. "In fact, he must have departed more or less hastily, for he forgot to check up his things. The maid who cleaned up his room after he left, turned over to me this photograph which she found where it had tumbled back of the chiffonier. You may take a look at it but it'll have to remain here, of course, in case he writes back for it.'"

He handed the photograph to me. One look at it—and a sickening feeling swept over me. It showed the face of a girl—a girl I knew well. But, even had I been in doubt concerning the identity of the original of the photograph, the words on the bottom were enough:

"From Doris."

CHAPTER VIII.

A TELEPHONE CALL.

EITHER I was a poor detective or else an unfortunate one, for I had reached the end of my trail again. This Milo Payne had left; his present address was unknown. The Rev. Peter Walmsly was dead as the result of a train wreck. The scar-faced Chinaman was—where? As John Barr had advised me, I would be probably wasting my mental energy to expect any information from Roger Pelton. And Doris, in her note to me, had claimed that she herself was all in the dark about the whole affair. I could have endured all that, perhaps, but to think this Milo Payne had had in his possession a picture of Doris—a picture of which she had never told me—nor given me any copy—was disconcerting, to say the least. Like any man who is deeply in love, I began to form all sorts of bizarre hypotheses connecting Doris' note with these other facts.

She had written me to tell me that our marriage had been called off by her father. It hardly seemed like his doing, for he had maintained the most friendly attitude toward me up to the very moment he had fainted. And, following my receipt of this note, I had discovered thru a blind set of clews that an individual named Milo Payne had had in his possession a photograph of the girl to whom I was engaged—and a recent photograph at that, judging from its appearance. Had she jilted me and used her father for an excuse? I couldn't believe it somehow.

But what, in the name of all that was sensible, was the connection between this Milo Payne and the Rev. Peter Walmsly whose safe had been blown open while he was being whirled to his death in a railroad accident, two hundred and fifty miles from Chicago?

And why had he been carrying the skull of his own brother, Philip Walmsly, who had once been under the hands of the old surgeon, Dr. Prior, with whom I had talked early that morning?

And again, what was the significance of the tiny hole, the size of a bullet, directly below the trepan plate?

And last but not least, why had the Chinaman knocked me senseless in the vestibule of a vacant Lake Shore Drive mansion. I was forced to give it all up. My head was beginning to ache from thinking about the affair—and my spirits were sinking lower and lower.

So, in order that the day might pass as rapidly as possible for me, I made my way down to the office and put in a miserable afternoon, my physical self examining wholesale candy routes—but my mental self jumping from the experiences of the last two days to a picture of a girl with soft yellow hair and big blue eyes.

And, in my desperation, I felt instinctively that there was but one thing to do: First, to see Doris, and second, to take the whole affair once more to John Barr. Twice in my life he had been the means by which I had been helped thru dire crises—and this, if anything, was certainly a crisis for me. True, he would be as much in the dark as I, but behind him was the wisdom and experience of nearly twice my years.

So, after what seemed to be an eternity of time, I found myself in Doris' parlor, studying her intently. She looked very pale. Under her eyes were faint rings which showed that her sleep the night before had been brief. After seating myself in the leather rocker, I said:

"Doris, after your father fainted away last night, I took a hasty departure. This morning I received a note from you saying that our marriage could never be. What was the meaning of that, dear?"

"I don't know, Jimmie," she replied, "any more about it than you do. At 10 o'clock last night father called me in his bedroom. He stroked my head and told me that my marriage would never take place. He seemed to want to tell me something, and yet, at the same time, he seemed to be struggling to hold it back. After I left him, I wrote you the note.

"This morning he got up, put on his dressing gown, and commenced pacing up and down in his room. Later, I heard him talking over his private telephone in the library. What he heard must have disturbed him dreadfully, for his face seemed to have become more haggard and worn than ever. At times he came out and patted my head as he used to do when I was a little girl.

"At 4 o'clock this afternoon, the house telephone rang. I answered it. A man's voice—a voice that seemed to be hoarse and suffering from a severe cold—asked for father. I told him that he would have to call up again at 8 o'clock this evening; in that way, without actually lying, I gave him the impression that father was out. He said that it was a very vital matter; that—and these were his very words—'it concerned Mr. Roger Pelton as much as life and death!'

"You see, Jimmie, I remembered that I had asked you in my note last night to come—and I knew that you would. It was for that reason that I told him he could find father in at 8 o'clock this evening—and not before. He said he would call up again at that time. When I asked him his name, just before I hung up the receiver, he laughed rather bitterly and replied: 'Milo Payne, I guess.'

"Now, Jimmie, father has locked himself in his library. He doesn't know what is going on out in the hall; neither can he hear from that room. I want you, dear, to answer the phone if this man calls up—to impersonate father, if you must—and to find out by some means or other what is the cause of all this. You'll do that much for me, won't you, Jimmie?"

"That much and ten million times that much, Doris," I replied. "If he really calls up and——"

My words were interrupted by the sharp ringing of the telephone bell in the outer hall.

INSTANTLY, Doris rose to her feet, her hand on her heart. "Now, Jimmie," she whispered excitedly, "it's up to you! Do your best. That must be he!"

I tiptoed out in the hall and raised the receiver gently.

"Roger Pelton talking," I said quietly.

"Good," replied a voice, which, just as Doris had described, was husky as tho from a severe cold. "Don't know who I am, Roger Pelton. You might think of me, if you wish, as Milo Payne. But I'm going to tell you what I've got. Now listen carefully. I have in my possession the skull of Phil Walmsly! Did you get that?" He gave a sarcastic laugh. "The skull of Phil Walmsly, himself—trepan plate, bullet hole, and bullet! Now, my dear Roger, I'm very sure you want that skull." Again he paused. "Am I correct in that surmise?"

"Yes," I said, knowing that an affirmative answer was expected.

"You can have it tonight then. Of course, being a Chicagoan, you know where Washington Square is. And I'm sure you know where the northeast entrance is—adjacent to the Newberry Library, if I'm not mistaken. Now, my dear Roger, I shall be gently reposing on the seventh bench from that entrance—seven—seven—remember the number—seven—at 9 o'clock—with the skull, the precious skull, in my possession. You will arrive at that hour—and the skull will be delivered over to you by me." Here he made a vigorous attempt to clear his throat. It was plain that he was in the grip of bronchitis, or some similar throat ailment. "Now shall I expect you, my dear Roger?"

"Yes," I returned, my thoughts in a whirl.

"Very well, then. The seventh bench from the northeast entrance—at 9 o'clock. But, my dear Roger, I must not forget one more thing."

"Yes," I repeated, parrot-like.

"The price—ten thousand dollars. I should prefer cash, of course, but a check might do. I'm certain that Mr. Roger Pelton would not repudiate his check in view of the peculiar circumstances that underly the giving of that check. With such business standing——"

"Ten thousand dollars," I interrupted, "for a skull—for a skull—it seems to me——"

He gave a short bitter laugh.

"I shall be waiting for you, Mr. Roger Pelton. I'm sure that you realize that you're getting a bargain!"

A sharp click followed.

Then silence.

He had hung up. I turned from the telephone, dumfounded at the proposition I had received over the wire. Then my mouth fell wide open and I stood rooted to the spot.

The door to Roger Pelton's library stood wide open. He, himself, clad in his dressing gown, stood in the doorway grimly watching me. And I knew without any doubt whatever that he had heard my final words over the telephone: "Ten thousand dollars for a skull"—and that he was fully aware of the fact that I had impersonated him!

The second and concluding part of this deep mystery story will be found in next week's Ledger. The revelations that will be made in the closing chapters, will perhaps amaze, certainly surprise all readers of the remarkable tale. Don't miss its strange finish—next week.

Some Water Power.

THIRTY-ONE per cent of all water power in this country is on sites within the national forests, while altho on sites outside the national forests, is dependent upon water arising in them, says the American Forestry association, which is fighting to keep the control of these forests out of the hands of the interior department. The western mountains contain 72 per cent of our total potential water power and of this, 42 per cent is in the western forests. This power is being rapidly developed. The United States forest service has in force 174 power transmission lines and 197 power projects, with minimum discharge capacity of 899,000 horse power.

* * *

A Mystery of the Sea.

AMONG the sea's mysteries there is none more interesting than the fate of Capt. Joshua Slocum of Fairhaven, Mass.

Captain Slocum, a retired sea captain, sailed around the world in a small boat, with an old clock by way of a chronometer, and not even a dog for companionship.

Captain Slocum completed his three-year-trip in 1898, rested for ten years, and then took to sea again in his thirty-six-foot Spray. He was never heard of afterward.

* * *

Interesting Items.

IN 1306, Edward I. of England issued a proclamation prohibiting the burning of coal in the city of London because of the "sulferous smoke and savour of the firing."

An eighth or ninth of the soapstone quarried in the United States is waste, but it is planned to utilize this waste as a substitute for low-grade talc.

If commercially practicable methods can be devised for extraction, great quantities of starch can be obtained from the rootstocks of the common swamp cat-tail.

* * *

Percy—I'm sure my eloquence penetrated your father's mind.

Peggy—Yes, papa said he was dreadfully bored.

Before Baby Comes

How to Avoid Useless Suffering During Expectancy and at Child-birth Told in Illustrated Book Sent Free.

Send today for illustrated book, "Motherhood and the Baby." Tells what to do, and have, before and after Baby arrives, probable date of Baby's birth, rules for baby health, etc. Also, about "Mother's Friend," used by thousands of mothers for three generations, and originated by an eminent doctor. "Mother's Friend" permits easier readjustment of muscles and nerves as gowth progresses; makes expectancy and child-birth easier. Its results are wonderful. Safe and free from narcotics. Sold by all druggists everywhere. Send for free book, to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-29, Atlanta, Ga.

GIVEN $1,000 IN CASH

Solve This Puzzle

TON HAS WING
SON FER JEF
IS HAR SON
FORE MILL
MAS AD

NO MORE
ROOST EVEL
WON SIL
RING HAD
SON JACK

In the square above are the names of 10 of our presidents with the letters of each all mixed up. Can you rearrange the funny words and get the names of the presidents all correct? For example—one is President Fillmore. Can you make out the others? It may seem hard at first, but try it. You will find it very interesting.

185 "Points" Wins First Prize

After you have solved the puzzle, copy the ten names on a sheet of paper and send them in to us. We will then enter your name and send you 100 "points" towards the cash prizes, and tell you how you can get the remaining 85 "points" without one cent of cost to you.

These "points" are given in connection with our special advertising campaign. You do not have to spend one cent of your own money. Ten prizes totaling $1,000.00 will be given away.

Mail Your Solution Now—Today

Solve the presidents' name puzzle at once, send in and receive 100 "points" towards the first grand prize of $500.00. Be sure to give your full name and address, and remember it does not cost you one cent to win one of these grand prizes. Send your solution to

Puzzle Man, 503 Ryan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Keystone Moviegraph FREE

A Wonderful Invention

This machine is not a toy for children, but a genuine moving picture machine—throws clear, distinct pictures 36x48 inches. The same kind of machine used in the big moving picture theatres all over the country, but on a smaller scale for home use. Can be used on any electric current used for lighting purposes—absolutely safe—no danger of fire or explosion.

Machine is of steel construction, high grade black finish—special ground lense allows adjustment to any distance and for any size picture up to 36x48 inches. Wonderful for home entertainment or in churches, halls, etc. Runs the same films as you see in the regular moving picture theatres.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address and we will send 28 new art pictures to dispose of as special 25c offer. Send us the $7.00 you collect and for your trouble we will send this genuine Keystone Moviegraph free, also one 120 inch new safety film of your choice from great list, including Mary Pickford, Charley Chaplin, Wm. S. Hart, Tom Mix, etc. You'll be surprised and delighted with this machine—the greatest machine for home use ever invented. Write today.

Address as follows, E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., Dept. 8P51, Chicago, Ill.

THIS WALKING, SLEEPING, CRYING DOLL

FREE!

This is Betty Blue Eyes—the most lovable doll you ever saw. She is almost human, for she can walk, go to sleep, and cry out loud. There are some dolls that can do one of these things, some another, but Betty Blue Eyes can do all three. Did you ever before hear of such a wonder doll?

And, besides, she has soft brown hair that you can comb and curl, and the cutest little dress that you can take off and put on. Won't it be heaps of fun to waken Betty Blue Eyes from her sleep, spank her if she cries (for she really can cry out loud), and then get her all ready to take a walk?

Our Wonderful Free Offer to You

All you need to do is to send us your name and address saying you want Betty Blue Eyes for your own. We will then send you 8 beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can easily do this the same day you get the pictures. For doing this, we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID, beautiful Betty Blue Eyes—the wonderful walking, sleeping, crying doll. Sit right down and mail your name to us TODAY!

Address DOLL DEPT. "J."

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Search

(Concluded From Page 9.)

Queenstown or any other point but New York, once she leaves Liverpool. Yes, friend T. B., every detail was figured out long in advance by De Lancey himself.

"As soon as we get aboard, I lie down in the stateroom and let the lad remain on deck. I'm not a well man, friend T. B., and traveling under the conditions and handicaps that we traveled under is hard on me. Now for the boy's account.

"NO SOONER had the ship pulled out from the docks and was headed about for the open water," according to his story, "than a motor cad comes rushing pell-mell up to the landing. Out jump four men—and one of 'em is our friend in the brown suit. The lad whips out the binoculars and watches their lips. 'D—n—too late—wireless——' is what our brown-suiter new acquaintance appears to say.

"Well, in spite of the fact that we're equipped with wireless nothing happens to us on the boat. But at no time do I forget the existence of the Atlantic cable. All the way across I take my meals in the stateroom and the lad prowls around deck trying to pick up some information. But, as I said before, everything's as peaceful as the grave.

"It's a mighty long nine days for us, friend T. B., but late in the afternoon of the 15th, we find we're within one hour of the Battery—and we realize now that things are very doubtful for us.

"As we step from the gangplank together, each of us suddenly finds a hand on our shoulder. In front of us stand three men, two of 'em fly-bulls with stars—the third a customs inspector. 'You're Berghem,' says one of 'em. 'Want you both to step in this little house at the end of the pier for a couple o' hours. When we get done there won't be any need of a customs inspection, for the inspector himself, here, is going to help us out.' He laughed unpleasantly. 'Yep—we got a warrant,' adds the other in answer to my unspoken question.

"Well, my friend, I, Berghem, know my limitations. I didn't take the trouble to deny anything. Smilingly, I admitted that I was Berghem and that this was my son. Then I asked them what they intended to do. 'Just want to look you and your boy and your two suitcases over,' admits one of them.

"In that little inspection house they locked the door. They drew down the shades and turned on the lights. They commanded us both to strip. When we had done this, they made us stand stark naked up against the wall. They began by examining our mouths, taking good care to look under our tongues. Then they combed out our hair with a fine-tooth comb. After a full fifteen minutes, in which they satisfied themselves that the jewels were not concealed on our bodies, they started on our luggage. 'This is an outrage,'" I grumbled.

"They dumped out the clothing in our suitcases and placed it in one pile, together with that which we had been forced to discard. Then they commenced with our underclothing, which they examined seam by seam, button by button, square inch by square inch. Following that, our garters, our socks, our suspenders, were subjected to the same rigid examination.

"As fast as they finished with an article of clothing, they tossed it over to us and allowed whichever one of us was the owner, to don it. In that way, we dressed, garment by garment, always protesting stoutly at the outrage.

"IN THE same manner they went thru our neckties, most of which they ripped open: our shirts, collars and vests followed next.

"When they came to our outer suits, not content with an exacting scrutiny, they brought out hammers and hammered every inch. Our shoes—look for yourself, friend T. B.—are without heels; they tore them off, layer by layer. Our felt hats underwent similar treatment, for they removed the linings, replacing them later, loose.

"Our suitcases were examined at buckle and seam, rivet and strap. At every place of possible concealment they pounded vigorously with their hammers, using enough force to smash steel balls, let alone brittle diamonds.

"Friend T. B., we were in there three and a half hours, and had we had trunks, we might have been there yet. They left nothing unturned. Everything, tho, has to come to an end. In disgust, they finally threw away their hammers. 'That lead from Liverpool's a phoney one,' said one of the three to the two others. 'You're free, Berghem and son,' his companion added. 'It's a cinch you've not got the proceeds of the Simon Company's burglary at Paris. You and your boy can go.'

"This was about two hours ago. We have had no supper, for we took a taxicab and, with the exception of a couple of breakdowns on the way, came straight here in order to tell you of the situation in which we found ourselves."

I was very bitterly disappointed. And I told Berghem so.

"It's a shame," I said. "De Lancey stakes his liberty on a bit of clever work and then sends a bungler across with the proceeds. Of course, man, they've got 'em by this time. It doesn't matter where in the stateroom you hid 'em—the woodwork, the carpet, the mattress—they've found 'em now. Well—we'll have to put it down as a failure—that's all."

He heard me thru before he uttered a word. Then, dropping his glasses in his coat pocket, he answered me sharply:

"Failure? Who has said anything of failure? You do me a great injustice, friend T. B. Berghem never fails. Look!"

He pressed his hands to his face. For a moment I thought he was going to weep, for he made strange clawing motions with his fingers. Then he lowered his hands.

I sprang to my feet, suppressing a cry with difficulty. Where his eyes had been, were now black, sightless sockets. On each of his palms lay a fragile, painted, porcelain shell—and in the hollow of each shell was a tiny cotton packet, tied with silk thread.

* * *

Web Stronger Than Steel.

SIZE for size, a thread of spider's silk is decidedly tougher than one of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Jumbled Metals.

309—Find four common metals.
dlogintprepocsabsr.

Double Acrostic.

310—My primals as you see give a new poet.
Finals, one of his books, and you must know it.

1. An adjective pertaining to heat. 2. A tree. 3. The latin "of the thing" or "of the matter." 4. 100,000. 5. The ocean. 6. Eager. 7. Word of denial. 8. Verb meaning to fall. 9. A dog's name. 10. Without like or equal. 11. A chamber. 12. Common herbage.

Reversed Words.

311—Reverse a lustrous mineral and get sharp strokes of the knuckles.

2. Reverse favored ones and get rounds of the ladder.

3. Reverse an asterisk and make a scornful exclamation.

4. Reverse a pointed rod on which meat is roasted before a fire and have money given as a present to one who serves another.

5. Reverse a kitchen utensil and have a child's toy.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

306—Riddle-Me-Ree.

Mark.

307—Double Acrostic.

Sheboygan—Ginger ale.

S I N G
H O P I
E V E N
B A N G
O N C E
Y E A R
G A L A
A B E L
N O N E

308—Four-word Square.

S L A M
L A T E
A T O M
M E M O

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Hay Fever, Catarrh, Asthma Instantly Relieved by New Invention

Something Entirely New! Not a Patent Medicine!

HERE is welcome news for all sufferers from Hay Fever, Summer Colds, Asthma or Catarrh. A remarkable new method has been found that brings instant GUARANTEED relief. No more need you spend money on harmful drugs, narcotics, or patent medicines in a vain effort to find relief. Breathe-O-Tol, the discovery of the famous nose and throat specialist, is not a patent medicine. It is nothing to swallow, nothing to smear inside your nose. It contains no habit-forming drugs or narcotics. It can be used anywhere, and any time during the day or night. It is practically invisible, and so comfortable that you will never realize you are using it, except for the relief you get. Your physician will tell you that Breathe-O-Tol is the most sensible, the safest, and the most efficacious remedy for your trouble.

This is a cross-section illustration of the respiratory passages. Diseases such as Hay Fever, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., are caused by germs entering into these passages and lodging there. The proper way to overcome these diseases is to attack and kill the germs by Nature's own method of inhalation. That is what Breathe-O-Tol accomplishes. With every breath, pure, medicated healing air is drawn up from the patented Breathe-O-Tol inhaler. Relief is obtained instantly.

How Breathe-O-Tol Brings Instant Relief

Hay Fever, Catarrh, and other respiratory diseases arise from the presence of germ-bearing spores, especially prevalent during the summer and fall months, which inflame and irritate the delicate membranes of the upper nasal ducts and throats. The only way to remedy these troubles is to destroy the germs. Breathe-O-Tol does this by nature's own principle of inhalation.

Breathe-O-Tol provides pure, medicated air which is inhaled naturally, attacking the disease-bearing spores, relieving congestion of the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs. Swelling is reduced, clogged nostrils opened, breathing made easy and natural. You can enjoy the healing, antiseptic effect of Breathe-O-Tol through the day and night without effort on your part, and without the slightest inconvenience. The patented inhaler is practically invisible, so it can be worn everywhere. It consists of a little silvered device which slips into the nose and holds two medicated cartridges treated with a special combination of oil of pine needles, menthol, oil of eucalyptus, camphor and other scientific healing and antiseptic agents. There is no interference with breathing. The air you inhale is created by contact with the medicated cartridges so that it immediately clears the head and destroys the germs present in the nose and throat.

Breathe-O-Tol is the only remedy whose healing properties can be applied continuously throughout the twenty-four hours.

Try It At Our Risk

The amazing success of Breathe-O-Tol in thousands of cases has made it possible for us to make this unusual offer. If Breathe-O-Tol does not bring you the instant relief you have every right to expect, it will not cost you a penny.

Hundreds of letters received from sufferers from nose and throat trouble testify to the wonderful relief obtained through Breathe-O-Tol. The following are brief examples:

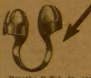
"Words cannot say enough in praise of your wonderful discovery. I have suffered from Catarrhal headaches for four years. I have spent loads of money on doctors and chiropractors, but nothing gave me relief. Since using BREATHE-O-TOL I have not had a sign of a headache."—Edward [illegible], Belmar, N. J.

"The set received here today gave my boy, who is a sufferer from Hay Fever, almost instant relief."—Clarence F. Norment, President, National Bank, Washington, D. C.

(NOTE: Mr. Norment has ordered five additional Breathe-O-Tol outfits to be sent to friends and relatives suffering from troubles of the respiratory passages.)

"This is the second year Mr. Whittingham has used them and finds them a great relief from Hay Fever and Asthma."—Mrs. W. F. Whittingham, Carrizozo, N. M.

"I believe you are on the right track."—Edgar B. Wingard, Dept. of Physical Culture & Athletics, Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.



Breathe-O-Tol is easy to use. Simply insert the patented inhaler into the nostrils, and forget about it. You breathe in the natural way, and the medicated air from the inhaler removes the cause of the trouble.

Breathe-O-Tol consists of the patented inhaler and medicated cartridges. Each cartridge is charged with a combination of Oil of Pine Needles, Menthol, Oil of Eucalyptus, Camphor and other healing and antiseptic agents carefully combined, according to the formula of a famous nose and throat specialist.

Breathe-O-Tol can be worn everywhere—at work, at play, at the theatre, at home, asleep. It is inconspicuous and makes breathing natural and easy. It is the only method that can be used continuously the full 24 hours.

SEND NO MONEY

But the best proof you can have of Breathe-O-Tol's power to end your own particular trouble is to try it for yourself. You are invited to do this without risking any money. Whether you are suffering from Hay Fever, Rose Fever, Asthma, or from colds, Catarrh and Bronchitis, you are guaranteed relief or there will be no cost to you for the trial.

It isn't necessary to send one penny in advance. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the patented Breathe-O-Tol outfit, consisting of Inhaler and full supply of medicated cartridges will be sent to you by return mail. Simply pay the postman $2.00 plus postage when the package arrives. Then try Breathe-O-Tol for five days. If you are not delighted with the relief you receive; if you do not feel confident that it will gradually remove the difficulty entirely, send it back at our expense and your money will be refunded in full immediately. We could not make this offer unless we were absolutely sure that Breathe-O-Tol will do everything we say it will.

Stop suffering. Don't dose yourself with drugs or medicines. Try this new invention that has proven so beneficial in the most severe and long-standing cases.

Try It 5 Days

Remember you take no risk whatever by sending for the Breathe-O-Tol outfit to use for five days. Mail the coupon NOW before you can forget. Be sure to specify whether you want Set A for Colds, Catarrh and Bronchitis, or Set B for Hay Fever, Rose Fever and Asthma.

The Breathe-O-Tol Laboratories,
Dept. C-167,
1400 Broadway,
New York City.

The Breathe-O-Tol Laboratories,
Dept. C-167,
1400 Broadway,
New York City.

Please send me patented Breathe-O-Tol treatment as follows:

☐ Set A for Colds, Catarrh and Bronchitis.

☐ Set B for Hay Fever, Rose Fever and Asthma.

I will pay the postman $2.00 plus postage on arrival, and will try it faithfully for five days. If I am dissatisfied with the treatment in any way, I will then return the outfit to you less what I have used, and you are to refund my money in full at once.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

Orders from Canada and Foreign Countries must be accompanied with money orders.

Americans Get the Treasures.

A QUEER grievance, not exactly against Americans, but involving them, is expressed in a letter sent from Oxford to the London Times by Prof. S. Landon, the Assyriologist. He writes that since the British came into control of Mesopotamia there has sprung up in Bagdad a too extensive and flourishing industry—the manufacture of spurious relics of the ancient civilizations that once existed there.

These fraudulent "antiquities," it seems, are sold to guileless British officials and tourists, while the real treasures, of which there are many, go for the most part to American purchasers, simply because our collectors and universities promptly have sent to Mesopotamia as purchasing agents men who are experts. They examine the articles that in reality or pretense are dug out of the ruins by the natives and can tell the difference between forgeries and the authentic tablets, seal cylinders, mace heads, inscriptions and statues that are offered.

Professor Landon laments the situation he exposes and the humiliation and loss which result from it to British travelers and to science. He intimates, however, that it is characteristic of British officialdom and its slight regard for archaeology, and he fears that if his government acts at all in the matter it will be only after the Americans have bought of the Arabs everything worth buying.

* * *

A Few Odd Facts.

CHINESE is spoken by 400,000,000 people.

Airmen, flying against the wind, even at considerable altitudes, frequently complain of getting dust in their eyes.

The moon moves 3,350 feet every second.

The production of motion-picture films is now the third largest industry in Germany.

One ancient remedy suggested for leprosy, a plague of the East, was eating pythons.

Electric cap lamps are now being made for the use of miners, the current being supplied from a storage battery strapped on the wearer's back.

British princes and princesses may not marry before the age of 25 without the King's consent. If over 25, they may marry by giving notice twelve months beforehand to the privy council, unless Parliament decides against the proposed match.

* * *

When the Row Starts.

"Does your wife get angry if you don't talk to her?"

"No, only if I don't listen to her."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

TIRE SALESMEN, MAKE BIG MONEY. Take orders for finest, guaranteed Akron quality tires below dealers' prices. Save auto owners many dollars. Cilvic earned $26.00 on one of his first orders. Stevens and Slusser make up to $65.00 daily. Sargent earns over $125.00 weekly. You can do as well. No capital or experience necessary. Work full or spare time. Federal Rubber Goods Co., Akron, Ohio, Dept. 18.

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, automobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMAN WANTED WITH CAR. $100 weekly. Sell new tires, tubes to car owners. Guaranteed in writing. Experience unnecessary. No investment. Manager, 1434 Wabash, Chicago.

NEED MONEY? SELL AUTO AND TRACTOR oils, grease, paint, specialties. Regular or spare time. Samples free. Get the money-making terms. The Ivison Company, Cleveland O.

MAKE $300.00 to $500.00 MONTH DISTRIBUTING Speedoline; permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance, introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades, including silk and heathers. The Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Dept. 426, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS: $3.00 TO $5.00 AN HOUR. FULL or spare time. Commissions in advance, no delivering or collecting. Turner $72 first week. Mrs. Thomas averages $35 week spare time. New line combination coats going great. Every man, woman and child prospect. Outfit and sample coat free. Write now. Liberty Mfg. Co., 113 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start a profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

AGENTS—SIX NEW FAST SELLING NECESSITIES, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A, Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

SELL LIKE HOT CAKES, BIG PROFITS, ironing wax-pad and asbestos rest, perfumes clothes; working outfit 10c. Yankee Mfgrs., 380 Atlantic Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

300% PROFIT—SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Kleanrite. Washes clothes without rubbing. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1945-G Irving Park, Chicago.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: 200%. NEW LINE PERFUMES, etc. Write National Soap, 20 E. Lake, Dept. 4, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN, OVER 17, WANTED, STEADY WORK. Commence $125 month. Government railway mail clerks. Common education. List positions free. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 26, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BOYS—MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H 404, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

MEN OVER 18 DESIRING GOVERNMENT positions $135-$190 monthly, write immediately free list. Stewart, Columbus Circle, N. Y.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN $20 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, ADDRESSING, mailing, music circulars. No experience necessary. Send 10c to cover postage, etc., for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, New York.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 64, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR PAINTING pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Co., 2219 Spyrun, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

WOMEN—GIRLS. LEARN DRESS DESIGNING. $25 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 605, Rochester, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

POULTRY AND SUPPLIES

CHICKS 7c, AND UP. ROCKS, REDS, LEGHORNS and mixed. By parcel post C. O. D. Cata. Delivery guaranteed. C. M. Lauver, Box 18, McAlisterville, Pa.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

$10 TO $50 DOWN! STARTS YOU ON 20, 40, or 80 acres near hustling city in Lower Michigan. Balance on long time. Here's your opportunity to get a farm home of your own. Investigate. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., X-1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

WIDOWER, 57, WILL SELL, AS GOING concern, 320 acres, well found $7,000.00, or go partners with maid or widow (small kids) with like equity. H. S. Colwell, Mosside, Alta.

POOR MAN'S CHANCE: $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $325. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FARM FOR SALE. HALF SECTION 4 miles from town. Sylvester Beckman, Cessford, Alberta, Canada.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TIRED OF POVERTY? IF YOU ARE TIRED of slaving for wages or salary, or the poor rewards of small business, while others around you grow rich and independent—if you have the ambition that every American ought to have, and are determined not to stay poor in this land of opportunity, then I have something you want to hear about. I don't want to hear from "Widows and Orphans," or those unable or unwilling to take an intelligent risk. I can't offer you something for nothing, for nothing worth having is to be had without risk, but if you are willing to back me, provided you find after careful investigation that my project is just as I say it is, and you have the ambition and spirit of the American pioneer, then tear out this ad right now and mail with your name and address, and without obligation to you, I will send you my references and full, interesting information. Do it now before you forget. Chas. Saunders, 316 H. F. Denham Building, Denver, Colo.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $3 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN GRAIN—$12.50 BUYS GUARANTEE on 10,000 bushels wheat; no further risk; movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c $400, etc.; particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

FORTY ACRE OIL & GAS LEASES, $20.00; Eddy County, New Mexico; now producing oil; coming big pool; if over sold will return your money promptly. Donald Fraser, 3217 East Seventh street, Kansas City, Missouri.

SONG POEMS WANTED

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I HAVE REAL proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Av., Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUSCRIPT to New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

MEDICAL

AGENTS BIG COMMISSION. WHEN YOU fail to cure yourself at health resorts and other treatments try Health Oil, greatest for rheumatism in all forms, kidney and bladder trouble. One dollar 15 days' treatment. Health Oil Co., R 1, B 134, Kansas City, Kansas.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FOR FORD OWNERS

FORD CAR REPAIR BOOK SENT FREE. This complete, well illustrated, valuable book explains in a simple way the causes and cures of overheating; repairing Ford timer; curing piston ring troubles, carburetor adjustments and repairs; connecting rods; transmission troubles; care and repair of rear axle; stopping axle grease leaks; also covers practically every other phase of Ford car repairing. Send 25c coin for three months' trial subscription and get the valuable repair book free. Ford Owner and Dealer Magazine, 403 Montgomery Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS — SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 401 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 22 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY, worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

HAPPINESS FOR THE UNMARRIED. MAKE new friends everywhere. Illustrated paper with photos and descriptions free. The Bugle, A, Chicago, Ill.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 61-B, Camden, N. J.

AMERICA'S BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER, photos, names, addresses, 25c. 3,000 correspondents. Sophie K. Girard, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICTURES and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 18 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

GET BUSY, BOYS! WEALTHY PRETTY girl wants a husband. Write, enclosing stamped envelope. Lillian Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W. E., England.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS! WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Don't hesitate. Box 187, Denison, Ohio.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY BACHELOR WANTS sweet, affectionate wife. Ladies, write. (L-B) Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published mailed free. American Distributor, Suite 627, Mount Pleasant, Pa.

WIDOW, 47, WORTH $30,000 WANTS GENTLEMAN correspondent. K-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE MAIDEN—WEALTHY, BUT lonely. Will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANDINAVIAN Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

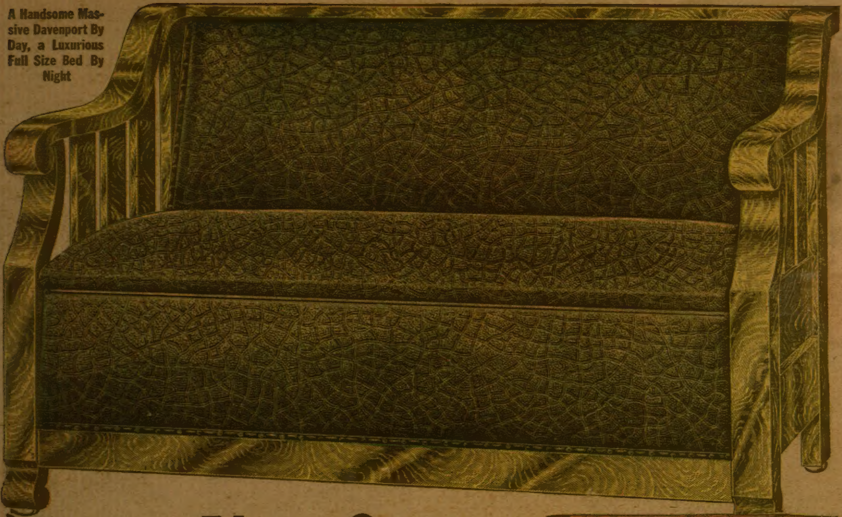
CORRESPOND. LIST NAMES, YEAR $1.00. Ladies listed free. Box 232, Mt. Vernon, S. D.

LADIES, GENTS, 25c SILVER JOINS LETTER club. Mattie Triggs, Waynesboro, Miss.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKLET free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY PRETTY girl? If sincere write Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Enclose stamp.

A Handsome Massive Davenport By Day, a Luxurious Full Size Bed By Night



Use as Your Own 30 Days FREE!

ONLY $1 With Order

A Handsome Massive and Useful Article of Furniture by day * * * * * A Big Luxuriously-Comfortable Full Size Double Bed by night * * * * * Your choice of two Stunningly Attractive Finishes, Golden Oak or Mahogany * * * * * Your Opportunity to Save Rent or get More Space in your home by making One Room serve the purpose of two * * * * * Your chance to get this Fine Davenette on 30 Days' and Nights' Free Trial Right in Your Own Home * * * * * A Sensational Bargain Price that Challenges All Competition * * * * * Little Never-Missed Monthly Payments.

Price Last Year $49.75

Special Price Now $29.95

Easy Monthly Payments

This Davenette is strongly and honestly built. Its design is massive and beautiful. Every detail in its construction represents the most careful workmanship. All its materials are of a quality that positively insures years of satisfactory service and wear.

By day it is a well upholstered deeply cushioned comfortable parlor settee. The seat is supported by 16 rust-proof, first quality Helical Springs. The Resilient, Sanitary Upholstery in back and seat is made right and absolutely guaranteed.

By night it is a Luxuriously Comfortable Full Size Double Bed, measuring 4 feet wide and 6 feet long. The seat of the Davenette unfolds twice; all the parts move easily. The interior has plenty of room for all the bedding and bed clothes. The Full Fabric Bed spring is built into the interior of the Davenette, you do not sleep on the upholstery. This spring is 48 inches wide by 72 inches long—double bed size. It is rest giving, rust proof and very comfortable. It is strongly supported by 42 Helical and 2 Coil Springs.

Here are the over all dimensions of the Davenette: Height 34 inches, Length 54 inches. Takes up but little wall space (opens into Full Size Bed). Depth 30 inches.

You have your choice of 2 Stunningly Handsome Finishes:

GLORIOUS GOLDEN OAK

Highly Glossed, with Beautifully Grained, Brown Spanish Artificial Leather Covering on seat and back, of Extra Good Quality, or

MAHOGANY-TAPESTRY

Beautifully and Richly polished, with Art Tapestry covering on seat and back. This Tapestry is a floral design; an exquisite blending of brown, tan, rose, and blue. The price of both finishes is the same. Both are guaranteed to wear equally well. Be very careful to state your choice. Order No. PA1520. Terms: $1 with order, $2.50 Monthly. Special Total Price Now $29.95.

Golden Oak or Mahogany Finish

30 Days' FREE TRIAL

Please be Very Careful to state your choice of finish, Oak or Mahogany. The Oak (the frame is thoroughly seasoned Genuine Solid Oak) is highly glossed golden with Beautifully Grained Brown Spanish Artificial Leather covering of extra good quality. The Mahogany (frame is made of thoroughly seasoned long-enduring hardwood) finish is beautifully polished and has a tapestry covering. This tapestry is a very beautiful floral design; an exquisite blending of brown, tan, grey, rose and blue. Your choice will be sent on 30 Days' Free Trial on receipt of only $1. If your satisfaction is not complete after a whole month's use in your own home, return the Davenette. Your first payment, and all freight charges will be refunded. The trial will not cost you a penny. **Order No. PA1520. Terms: $1 with order, $2.50 Monthly. Special Total Price Now $29.95. (Mattress Pad to fit $5.95 extra. See description above.)**

Nathaniel Spear
President

→ Spear & Co. ← DEPARTMENT C-6 PITTSBURGH, PA.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

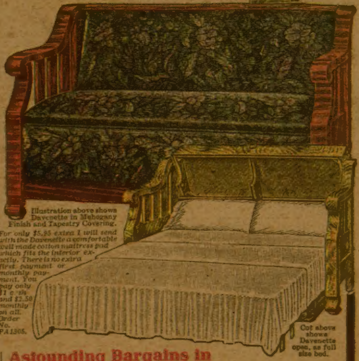


Illustration above shows Davenette in Mahogany Finish and Tapestry Covering.

For only $5.95 extra I will send with the Davenette a comfortable well made cotton mattress pad which fits the interior exactly. There is no extra first payment or monthly payment. You pay only $1 cash and $2.50 monthly on all. Order No. PA1305.

Cut above shows Davenette open, as full size bed.

Astounding Bargains in My Big FREE Book

I guarantee that my prices are the Lowest, my terms the Easiest, and My Monthly Payments the Lowest. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Free Trial and Use in Your Own Home, with a Money Back Bond. No matter where you live you can have the full advantage of all my offers and Easy Terms. Send for my Free Catalog today. It shows

30 to 50% Savings on

- Furniture
- Bedding
- Springs
- Mattresses
- Bed Spreads
- Rugs
- Carpets
- Linoleum
- Lace Curtains
- Portieres
- Dishes
- Baby Carriages
- Glassware
- Stoves
- Ranges
- Lamps
- Enameled Cooking Sets
- Aluminum Ware
- Refrigerators
- Washing Machines
- Sewing Machines
- Guns
- Silverware
- Clocks
- Cameras
- Victrolas
- Etc.

This Big Price Book Free
Spear
Send for it

SPEAR & CO., Dept. C-6, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once The Complete Davenette as described above. Enclosed is $1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I am satisfied, I will send you $2.50 monthly in accordance with terms and prices stated in this advertisement. Order No. PA1520. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

If you want Golden Oak put an x in this ☐
If you want Mahogany put an x in this ☐
If you also want the Mattress Pad Order No. PA1305 ($5.95 extra) put an x in this ☐

Please print or write name and address plainly.

Name .... Occupation ....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street & No. ....

Post Office .... State ....

If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send Shipment to ....

FREE CATALOG | If you want the Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put an X here ☐ and write your name and address plainly on the above lines.